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St. Juliana.

Þe Liflade

of

St. Juliana,

FROM

TWO OLD ENGLISH MANUSCRIPTS OF 1230 A.D.

44356

WITH

Renderings into Modern English,

BY THE

REV. O. COCKAYNE, AND EDMUND BROCK.

EDITED BY THE

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ST. JOHNS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;

EDITOR OF LEECHDOMS STARCRAFT AND WORTCUNNING, ETC. ETC.

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PREFACE.

It had been my purpose, in editing þe following text, to take some vivacious notice of any criticisms on þe last treatise I had undertaken for þe Early English Text Society; but so long a time has elapsed since "Hali Meidenhad" appeared, þat þe public interest in attack and defense, lunge and parry, must have long since died away. Whatever I say, þerefore, must be sobered down into temperance and calm; must be simply þe result of þe toil of þe student and translator.

My critics made some easy and cheap fun out of þ and ð: none of þem seemed to have any distinct notions on þe subject. I have lately, elsewhere, stated facts; þat þe earliest MSS. favour þe ð, and use it in combinations of all kinds, employing it, wiþ few exceptions, all ðrough a volume, and seeming to forget þ almost entirely: later writings use þ more by far þan þe oþer form. Much learning arises in reviews out of moþer wit; to supply þe void of known truð, a certain inborn ðeory is developed; and because Mr. Novice ðinks þe Saxons ought to have made a difference, between þorn in ðick, and þorn in þæt, he holds opinion þat þey did. Þen some bold assertor tells us þat all deviations from his doctrine are corruptions of þe Norman scribes, as if Frenchmen had written for King Ælfred. Now I hold þat in our modern times it is very difficult to separate þe sounds, þe utterance in some instances is distinctly discernible, but in oþers þe two change places easily. It is to be concluded þat, using þe characters indifferently, þe English writers held þe sounds to be identical.

An Edinburgh reviewer, a known writer, finds what he considers a mistranslation on page 36 of "Hali Meidenhad." "Þe hound at þe hide" is, to his ears, not sense. When a householder kills a sheep or ox, þe hide is valuable eiþer for

use or sale; it stinks; it is þerefore ðrown over þe palings, or over a pole outside þe house: a hungry dog, a lean dirty dog, ranging about, smells flesh, or guts, or blood, or hide, and coming, pulls at, and drags þe reserved skin: and þat does it no good; broomsticks and stones drivė away þe ruffian. "But," says he, "Hude is a well-known word in Anglo-Saxon, signifying Hearth." Some trace of Hude as Heorð may be found at p. 223 of þe folio edition of þe "Laws and Institutes," but þe intervention of a friend and þe courtesy of þe reviewer himself have made me aware that it is þe Scottish usage which makes þe word "well known," and þat þis sense is recorded by Jamieson, as any may see.

Anoþer gentleman of dialectic fame writes about Steap: and þe greater part of his remarks may be summed up by observing þe Latin Altus, *high* or *deep*; similarly we might understand steap. He quotes Percy Folio, vol. i. p. 467:

> Heere in this ground deepe
> is a water strong and steepe.

Such a river seems to me to run at a steep gradient, or a fall of one foot in four: and so to deserve þe epiðet "strong." And I find I have noted two additional places out of "Salomon and Saturn," line 570, Se steapa gim, *þe bright gem*, and line 827, where þis word is applied to fire.

Neverþeless I will not conceal from þe reader, whose edification is þe main point, þat a new and unexpected signification has come before me: þe passage quoted in St. Marharete, p. 108, from Hom. I. 456, is a translation from þe Latin publisht in Acta Sanctorum, Aug. 25 (not 24), and Steape eagan represents Oculi grandes. And here I must leave þis word.

Under þe word Ranged in þe glossary of þe Cleveland Dialect some remark about Rondin is made.

On p. 4, St. Marharete, last line, Makelese, it is suggested, should be interpreted *Matchless:* and to þat I submit.

From want of subscribers enough to þe Early English Text Society, þis Juliana has taken so long to appear in type þat some

want of cohesion has crept into my association of ideas about it. Þe text on þe left page has been edited by Mr. Brock, from whose views I have taken one or two suggestions. To þe word Maumez I demur: it should come into type, I believe, as Maumets, but a Zed is on þe MS. Þat Zed I read as TS, or oþerwise, I hold þe MS. Z to be like Zeta, a double letter such as it is in Italian, and to be a contraction for TS, and not well exprest by a modern Zed. In þe Domesday Book occurs a Cozet explained by nobody: now if we take Zed as TS, Cotset is easy enough to understand, and a suitable interpretation may be assigned it, even when occurring in company wiþ Cotarii.

It gives me some pain to say, þat I believe þe story of St. Margaret is convicted of forgery by þe indulgences which in þe earliest MSS. conclude þe piece. One would not rudely tear a doll from a childs arms, denouncing it as a waxwork sham; but readers of Old English are probably rid of early sentiment, and prepared to look Truð in þe face. Þe name of Juliana has never been so popular in England as þat of St. Margaret: her story may be read in þe Acta Sanctorum, Feb. 16, and in þe Codex Exoniensis in alliterative verse, wanting some leaves. She is a fabulous personage.

Mr. Mortons opinion þat þe Ancren Riwle, and, by way of corollary, my suggestion þat "Hali Meidenhad" ȝ þe early lives of St. Margaret, Juliana ȝ Caðerine were written by bishop R. le Poor, grows more acceptable þe more I consider it. Some account of þe nunnery at Tarent is given in þe New Monasticon (Vol. V., 619):—"Though Ralf de Kahaines was the original founder, bishop Poor, who became bishop of Salisbury in 1217, was þe principal one, and has sometimes had þe foundation exclusively ascribed to him;" say the editors. Herbert le Poor, bp. of Sarum, died 6 Feb., 1217, and was succeeded by Richard le Poor, translated from Chichester; died 15 April, 1237. Who so likely to interest himself? What call could an ordinary priest have to recommend an unwelcome rule of hard self denial to noble ladies? What influence, if he

had intruded himself upon þeir consciences? Even in þese days, when very commonplace mediocre scholars often arrive at þe upper steps of þe prelatic stairs, a bishops name has weight wiþ fashionable ladies.

The auðor of þese little tracts exhibits a fair amount of learning: þe illustration about þe jacinct ȝ þe carbuncle comes from þe dialogues of St. Gregorius; St. Cyrillus Hiersolymitanus (Catech. xii. p. 106), and St. Iohannes Chrysostomos (vol. i. p. 94 ult., p. 122, 31 ed. Savile), so far countenance þe doctrine þat sin led to commerce of man wiþ woman, as þat þey teach þat Adam knew not Eve, his wife, till after their expulsion from Paradise. Þis opinion was founded on þe circumstance þat þe text (Gen. iv. 1) follows þe account of þe expulsion: and doubtless, as still prevalent, was opposed in verse by Milton. It would sunder þe Creator of þe universe from þe Deity to be worshipped, if it had any real support in our Scriptures, but such considerations are even now sometimes excluded in ðeological tenets, and were of no avail in þe ðirteenð century. Þe doctrine þat an eternal reward of a hundredfold is reserved to virginity, of sixtyfold to widowhood after one marriage, of ðirtyfold to þe married, is compactly þus stated by Augustinus, as matter of discussion; "Sive virginalis vita in centeno fructu sit, in sexageno vidualis, in triceno autem coniugalis" (de S. Virginitate xlvi.).

We recognize, þerefore, in our writer for þe nuns of Tarent Kaines, a scholar competently instructed in þe history and writers of his profession; one who would be kindly heard, when he spoke, by þose whom he wished to persuade; and one whose eyes were turned to Tarent: and he will be bp. R. le Poor.

"From Lelands words þat *Tarent nunry of late stode about Crayford bridge over Stowre ryvar, lower þan Blanford*, it is inferred þat þe demolition of þe buildings of þis house took place at an early period after þe Dissolution. All traces of its buildings have long disappeared."

Its records are not in any public collection.

☞ *The Subscriptions for* 1872 *became due on Jan.* 1, *and should be paid forthwith (not to the Treasurer, but) to the Hon. Sec.,* GEORGE JOACHIM, *Esq., St Andrew House, Change Alley, London, E.C., by Post-office Order on the Chief Office, or to the Society's account at the Union Bank, Argyll St, Regent St, London, W.*

☞ **No books will be sent to any Member until his Subscription for 1872, and his arrears, if any, are paid.**

Early English Text Society.

Eighth Report of the Committee, January, 1872.

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§ 1. THE Society's Texts last year took an extraordinary range, as well in language as in subjects of interest. Stretching, on the one hand, from the time of Alfred to that of James I, they reacht, on the other, from the sufferings of Christ, from the Holy Grail, 'mystic, wonderful,' to sketches of Scotch manners in 1530, and of London follies in 1617. But over all this range the purpose of the Society was well carried out,—the desire to make plainer to Englishmen of to-day the life, the thought, and tongue of their forefathers, who in olden time called England 'home.'

The 'Joseph of Arimathie,' or History of the Holy Graal,

took men back to the Crusades of the twelfth century, and our own Lionheart, whose father's chaplain gave the world the vision of the Blood of God, to lift them out of the fierce passions of lawless life into the purity and holiness that alone could fit them for heaven. Still has the Vision power over us; never will it lose its fascination over the student of Middle-Age Romance. The ancient fragment of its History issued by the Society was first made known to Arthurian readers by its editor, Mr Skeat; and the three black-letter lives of Joseph of Arimathæa reprinted in the Appendix, with the quaint woodcut of the Glastonbury Thorn from Pynson's edition, and the general Introduction by Mr Skeat, added much to the interest of the book.

'King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's *Pastoral Care*' chiefly claimed attention on account of its language. It gave opportunity for the study of the 9th-century forms, in contrast with those of the later stages of the language represented in most of our printed Anglo-Saxon books. But it was impossible for a reader to follow, page after page, the precepts of the old saint, without strong sympathy with his purpose, and without feeling what help his wise counsels must have given to those who in Alfred's time shepherded the flocks of God in our land. The teacher evidently taught from the experience of his own heart, warning his hearers against the temptations he had himself felt.

In 'The Legends of the Holy Rood, Symbols of the Passion, and Cross-Poems,' was contained a rare store of curious stories about the finding and making of Christ's Cross, the history of the tree from which it was cut, the nails that were driven into it, and everything else belonging to it,—details in which the mediæval mind ran riot. But the volume also included some very pathetic poems on the subject which most took hold of the religious feeling of the Middle Ages, the Mother by the Cross of her Son. Divine or non-divine, here all were one; and all hearts beat as they heard the sad lament—

> Feet, and fayre hondes,
> That nou ben croised! I custe hem ofte;
> I lullèd hem; I leid hem softe.
> Cros! thou holdest hem hize on lofte,
> Bounden in bledyng bondes!

Mother and child; life and death; the fate of the world: no wonder that such topics toucht the hearts of men.

The seven 'Minor Poems of Lindesay' brought again under view the social condition of Scotland in the middle of the 16th century, which had been dealt with by the former Parts of the poet's works, and by Lauder. The evils of Roman Catholicism,

the abuse of the Confessional, the misdeeds of courtiers, the absurdities of doctors, of women's long tails and veils, were all exposed in the strong, straight-hitting words of the forwarder of the Reformation in Scotland. Prof. Nichol's rapid sketch of Scotch Poetry, prefixt to these Poems, served, on the one hand, to bring under the notice of Southrons many names and works of worth not familiar to them before; and, on the other, to set Lyndesay, Lyon King, in his right place among his peers.

Of 'The Times' Whistle and other Poems, by R. C. gent, A.D. 1616,' some account was given in our last Report, p. 6; and a justification was there put forward of our Society's undertaking so late a work. Now that the book has appeared, its contents have proved the wisdom of its production. Its sketches of London and English life in Shakspere's time, the light it has thrown on many of the dark places of its day, have rendered the book acceptable to a larger circle of readers than the Society includes, and have shown that it would have been an act of culpable folly for the Committee to have left the MS. longer unprinted, especially when there was no other Society than our own to put it in type.

Assuredly the Texts of our Original Series in 1871 have nothing to fear when compared for range, variety, and interest, with those of any former year. Of course they were limited in number by the perpetual want of money that the Society suffers; but still, for their guinea, subscribers got over a thousand pages of sound matter,—less than a farthing a page.

§ 2. The income of the Extra Series is unluckily so much less than that of the Original Series, that in the former only three Texts could be issued in 1871. Yet the first two of these were of singular value to the student of Tudor England, from the light they threw on the social evils of Henry VIII's and his son's times, and the need they showed for a political as well as a religious Reformation. Across the gulf of three hundred years came voices to us that our own days echo; cries of the sacrifice of men to money, of the poor to landlords' and masters' greed; calls for a wider, a better education; demands for the removal of hindrances to men's well-being; reminders to us of what since then had been won from prejudice and ignorance; reminders, too, of how much remains to win.

Are such works 'dry-as-dust'? Nay, rather, living things, wet with the tears, quivering with the emotion, of those who yet plead and struggle for the Right.

Starkey's treatise, printed for the first time from the manuscript by the Society, is an authority of the first order, which

no historian or student of Henry's reign can neglect; and the volume of Supplications is not far short of it in importance.

The third Text of the Extra Series was Part III of Mr Ellis's great work on 'Early English Pronunciation,' a work of which English scholarship may be proud.[1] Of the three Parts, this third proved the most interesting, for it contained Mr Ellis's views of the pronunciation of Chaucer and Shakspere, of Gower, Wycliffe, Spenser, and Sidney, besides the treatises of William Salesbury, which were the foundation-stones of Mr Ellis's investigations. A critical text of Chaucer's Prologue to his Canterbury Tales, and a Pronouncing Vocabulary of the sixteenth Century, were also included in this Part, with much other important matter. Our Members will hear with pleasure that Mr Ellis has recovered his health, and that they may look for the completion of his most valuable work in 1874 or 1875.

§ 3. *Original-Series Texts for* 1872. Of these the first was ready last June, but had to be kept back from want of subscriptions to bring it into last year's issue. It is the volume *An Old-English Miscellany* edited by the Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D., mentioned in our two last Reports The contents of the volume range from the 13th to the 15th century, and contain, besides the quaint Bestiary from the Arundel MS. 292, and the curious old Kentish Sermons from a French original that Mons. Paul Meyer pointed out, a very interesting collection of religious Poems, and two texts of the Proverbs of Alfred. The second Text is Part II of *King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral*,—edited by Mr Henry Sweet of Baliol,—of which the first Part has already been noticed on p. 2 of this Report. In his Introduction in Part II, Mr Sweet has—for the first time these 800 years—pointed-out the special characteristics of the language of Alfred's time, and contrasted it with the later stages of Anglo-Saxon. The Latin text of the Pastoral, of which Mr Sweet had at first intended to print a critical edition as an Appendix to the Society's book, he has since been obliged to postpone indefinitely, from want of time; but the Latin is easily accessible else-

[1] 'Mr Ellis's great work on "Early English Pronunciation . . ." well exemplifies the benefit which societies like the Early English, the Philological, and the Chaucer, are able to confer. No publisher, we feel certain, would have undertaken its publication. The author must either have published it himself with the certain result of a heavy pecuniary loss, or the world must have suffered the still heavier loss of the work altogether. It is of course superfluous to praise Mr Ellis, and that thoroughness with which . . he has worked out every detail, however minute. . . Our feeling in reading Mr Ellis's pages is, that he has done a work which will never require to be done again.'—*Westminster Review*, No. LXXX. Oct. 1871, p. 565.

where. The third Text will be the two short thirteenth-century versions (MSS. ab. 1230 A. D.) of the Life and Martyrdom of *Juliana*, that of the Bodleian MS. being edited by the Rev. T. O. Cockayne, and that of the Cotton MS. by Mr E. Brock, both with renderings into modern English. These three Texts will be issued early in February.

Three more Texts are in active preparation, and will, it is hoped, be ready in the spring: Part II of the alliterative *Gest Historiale of the Destruction of Troy*, edited from the unique MS. in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow, by the Rev. G. A. Panton and Mr D. Donaldson; the fourth and concluding Part of the prose Romance of *Merlin*, edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq.; and three Texts of the *Lay Folks' Mass-Book*, edited by the Rev. T. F. Simmons, Canon of York.

The *Mass-Book* has been long in type, and proofs of it have been widely circulated in the hope of getting other versions, or the original of the poem, but in vain.

§ 4. *Extra-Series Texts for* 1872. First, the curious Epigrams and other tracts of Robert Crowley, printer and preacher on the social evils of England in 1550-1 A.D., which were described at length on pages 12-13 of our last Report. This volume was ready for issue in the summer of 1871, before its editor, Mr J. M. Cowper, left England for Lima, but it had—like the *Old-English Miscellany* for the Original Series—to be kept back for want of funds. Second: Chaucer's *Treatise on the Astrolabe*, A.D. 1391, of which Mr Skeat has examined sixteen MSS., and chosen the best two as the basis of his edition for the Society. The MSS. of this work are—specially at the end—in a much greater mess, as to sense, than the MSS. of any of Chaucer's other works, but Mr Skeat believes that by collation and correction, he has secured a satisfactory text of the great poet's school-book for 'Lowis' his 'lytel sonne.' The Chaucer Society will issue this edition to its Members too, and will share with ourselves the cost of producing it. Third: Mr J. A. H. Murray has promist to finish by April the famous *Complaynt of Scotland*, ab. 1548 A.D., described in our Fifth Report, Jan. 1869, p. 20, and which has been long in type. Its picture of the social condition of Scotland at its date, its account of the Tales, the sweet Songs, the Tunes and Dances of the peasantry, cannot fail to interest every reader, while its antagonism to England will amuse him. If, after paying for these three books, there are any funds left for a portion of Barbour's *Bruce*, it will be issued accordingly.

§ 5. So many questions have been askt as to the probable date of issue of books long announced by the Society, that—

though at the risk of possible disappointment in some cases—the Committee think it well to set down the order in which they believe the Texts of the next three years will appear in the Original Series:—

1873.

Old-English Homilies, Series II, ed. Rev. R. Morris, LL.D., from the unique MS. in Trinity Coll. Cambridge. (*Nearly all printed.*)

Palladius on Husbondrie, englisht (ab. 1420 A.D.), ed. Rev. Barton Lodge, M.A., from the unique MS. in Colchester Castle. (*Nearly all printed.*)

Vision of Piers Plowman, Text C., ed. Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A.

The Gawaine Poems, ed. Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D.

Lyndesay's Works, Part VI, ed. Jas. A. H. Murray, Esq.

Sir Generides, a Romance, ab. 1430 A.D., ed. W. Aldis Wright, Esq., M.A., from the unique MS. in Trinity Coll. Cambridge.

1874.

Cursor Mundi, Part I, the Northern and Midland versions, from the MSS., on opposite pages, ed. Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. (*At press.*)

Notes on the Vision of Piers Plowman, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.

The Charlemagne Romances, I, Sir Ferumbras, ed. Jn. Shelly, Esq., from the unique MS. in the Bodleian.

Cato's Morals, ed. Edmund Brock. (*At press.*)

The Rule of St Benet, five texts, ed. Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. (*At press.*)

1875.

Ælfric's Metrical Homilies, ed. Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A.

The Charlemagne Romances, Part II, ed. Jn. Shelly, Esq.

The Blickling Anglo-Saxon Homilies, ed. Rev. R. Morris, LL.D., from the late Marquis of Lothian's unique MS. (*At press.*)

Jon the Gardener, &c., An Early-English Herb-Book, ed. Rev. T. O. Cockayne.

But the order of these books will be liable to be shifted at any time by one editor having his work ready before another's, as notified in our Sixth Report for January, 1870, p. 2, § 3; or want of money may cause delay in the issue.

A second volume, though a small one, on *English Gilds*, will be produced in course of time, to include two fresh London-Gild statutes that have been found among the Rawlinson MSS. at Oxford, the Account book of the Sleaford Gild, and any other like documents that may turn up.[1] These will be prefaced by a short Essay putting forward the opposite theory to Dr Brentano's, so ably maintained by Mr H. C. Coote in the London and Middlesex Archæological Society's Transactions, 1871,[2] namely, that the English Gilds were not self-originant,

[1] The Register of the Corpus Christi Gild at York is in the press for the Surtees Society.

[2] The Part contains the Ordinances of the following London Secular Gilds:

but were direct descendants of the old Roman *Collegia*, with which Mr Coote has shown that they have at least 15 essential points in common.[1]

After the works above-named will come Dr Morris's third series of Old English Homilies, and the completion of the Anglo-Saxon ones; Audelay's Works; the *Catholicon Anglicum*, and other early Dictionaries; Barbour's Troy-Book and Lives of Saints; Gospel-Stories and poems from the Vernon MS.; the Southern-dialect Saints-Lives in Harl. MS. 2277; Adam Davie's Works, &c. When these, and other minor works mentioned in pages 24-6 of our Fifth Report, Jan. 1869, have been cleared off, we may hope to produce the great Cyclopædia of Middle-age learning, *Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, englisht by Trevisa in 1399, and then take up Occleve, Lydgate, Peter Idle, Hugh Campden, &c. There is at least twenty or thirty years' work ahead of us, unless the talkt-of Anglo-Saxon Text Society, and a Lydgate Society, will clear out of our way all the earlier and later MSS. that we have to print.

§ 6. The order of the future texts of the Extra-Series is liable to doubt, on account of the inability of Mr Furnivall to obtain access to the Jersey copy of Caxton's edition—the only one that has the text complete—of Maleore's *Morte Darthur*. If an opportunity for collating the few pages needed can be got in 1872, the first Part of the *Morte Darthur* will be produced in 1873; but if not, then Part I of the re-edition of Lonelich's *Seynt Graal*, or 'History of the Holy Grail,' will be issued, together with either the *Myrroure of our Lady*, 1530,[2] or Henry Brinklow's *Complaynt of Roderyck Mors*, c. 1536 A.D., and his *Lamentacion against the Citie of London*, 1542, all of which are noticed in our last Report, p. 14, 13. As soon as one

Glovers, A.D. 1354; Blacksmiths, A.D. 1454; Shearmen, A.D. 1452; Waterbearers; Gild of the Holy Blood of Wilsnak in Saxony, A.D. 1459 and 1490; Gild of St Katherine, A.D. 1495; Ordinances of Clerks' Wages, 1456, &c. On Merchant-Gilds (not Craft ones) see some remarks in Mr Jas. Thompson's "Essay on English Municipal History," Longmans, 1867.

[1] See M. Gaston Boissier's article on 'Les Associations Ouvrières et charitables dans l'Empire Romain' in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Dec. 1, 1871. The associations had their presidents (*magistri, quinquennales*), their treasurers (*quæstores*), their official list (*album*) of members, their entrance fees, and their monthly payments. The burial societies were especially important, and to these the earliest Christian associations belong. All had their common meetings (a quorum being necessary for any business), their dinners at regular times, their regulations as to expenses.—*Academy*, 15 Dec., 1871, p. 564, col. 2.

[2] Prof. Brewer cannot yet fix a date for the appearance of Starkey's Life and Letters.

Romance is finisht, another will take its place, and be accompanied by either Part IV of Mr Ellis's *Early English Pronunciation*, or the volume of *Early Interludes* (7th Report, January, 1871, p. 14), Harrison's *Description of England*, Stafford's *Examination of Certain Ordinary Complaints*, 1581, or another of the *Tudor-England Series*. The object will be to make the Extra-Series henceforth mainly one of Romances, but yet to keep up in it that set of illustrations of later social life which the *Book of Curteseye, Queen Elizabethes Achademy, Awdelay and Harman, Andrew Boorde, Starkey*, and the *Supplications* have so well exemplified.[1] With much Fancy a little Fact may be usefully mixt.

§ 7. *Reprints of* 1865. Of these, which should be eight in number, only four could be issued last year; and from the cause which affected both our other series, want of funds. When the series of Reprints was first announced, in the note to page 1 of our Third Report for January, 1867, the Committee gave clear notice that 'No subscriptions for any current year will be carried to this Reprinting-Fund,' but they undertook to supplement the subscriptions to the Reprints by the money derived from the sales of back Texts. This they have done; and, by means of back-sale monies (£62 16*s.*), have enabled the subscribers for the texts of 1864 and 1865 to have the four Texts of 1864, and the four Texts of 1865 as yet issued, which cost above £220, although the subscriptions are 70 guineas in arrear. Another Text for 1865, *Genesis and Exodus*, No. 7, is in the press, and is estimated to cost £100. If, then, all the subscriptions are paid up, and £30 be available from back sales, the utmost that the Committee can give for these sums will be the *Genesis*, unless they burden the current year's income with the payment for the other three texts of 1865,—*Thynne* (No. 9), *Merlin* I (No. 10), and *Lyndesay* I (No. 11), costing about £150,—or victimize Mr Childs for two of the Texts, and Mr Austin for the other. Still, as the back Texts go on selling, no doubt arrangements can be made for completing the 1865 Texts. But on looking to the sum, over £650, required for the Texts of 1866, and contrasting it with the sum (£127 1*s.*) that four years' trial of the Reprinting scheme has shown can be raised for 1866, the Committee are forced, though most reluctantly, to give-up the hope of ever being able to reprint these Texts. All that the Committee can do is this: If the promist 121 subscribers will pay their guineas in advance

[1] Mr Arber has already taken off our hands Roy's bitter *Rede me & be not wroth*, and he promises next autumn Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, which is indispensable to the student of Elizabethan England.

for the only two Texts of 1866 necessary for them to have[1], that is, *Lyndesay's Monarche*, Part II, and *Merlin*, Part II, the Committee will undertake to produce these two Texts in 1872, though the subscriptions will not be enough to pay for them, and the Committee will also arrange with their printers and publisher for the reprint of Part I of the *Merlin* and Part I of the *Monarche*, on the chance of clearing their cost by enabling complete sets of the books to be sold to the Trade.

Much as the subscribers to the Reprints may feel disappointed at not being able to complete their sets, they must attribute it partly to their own want of energy in getting more subscribers, and partly to the indifference—arising mainly from ignorance—of Englishmen generally to their old Literature. The Committee cannot take any blame on themselves in the matter: the Reprints were not undertaken for their convenience; on the contrary, the Reprints have been a very great nuisance to the Society's officers and editors, and have also deprived Members old and new of extra books, by absorbing back-sale money which would have otherwise gone to produce fresh Texts. But still the Committee have willingly done their best for the scheme, out of regard for the subscribers to it, and will be ready at any future time to take advantage of any chance that may offer, to reprint the rest of the 1866 Texts, even if it be necessary to sell the whole of the back-texts of 1864, -5, and -6 for the purpose.

§ 8. *Large-Paper copies of Romances and Poems.* Application having been made from Manchester for the terms on which Large-Paper copies of the secular poetical works in the Original Series could be supplied, the Committee find, that if 25 members will undertake to buy the large-papers at 1*s.* a sheet of 16 pages, they can have copies of all or any of Nos. 2, 4, 6, 8, 12, 32 (rearranged), 39 (and its continuation), 44,—and of any of the religious poems except No. 15. The books could be delivered within 6 weeks of the number of 25 subscribers being completed, and the subscriptions paid in advance. Letters on this subject should be sent, not to the Hon. Sec., but to John Leigh, Esq., Sandiway House, Whalley Range, Manchester.

§ 9. *Prizes.* Through the kindness of the Professors and Teachers who hold examinations for them, our Prizes continue to encourage among some students and boys a study of our early Language and Literature; but the hold of Classics is too firmly fixt for the displacement of any of its fangs by English to happen rapidly. The only hope is, that when, in later life,

[1] Nothing short of a subscription of five guineas a-piece by the Members who now want the 1866 Texts, will enable the Committee to produce them.

men's Classics drop off them, their early English studies may still cling to them. The following is the list of the Winners of, and Examiners for, our Prizes in 1871 :—

Winners.	*Examiners.*
Geo. Gardiner, Perthshire	Prof. Masson, University, Edinburgh
John P. Struthers, Glasgow	Prof. Nichol, University, Glasgow
John Glasse, Auchtermuchty	Prof. Baynes, University, St Andrew's
B. Banks, 1870 Thos. B. Willson, 1871	Prof. Dowden, Trin. Coll., Dublin
1 Wm. D. Blyth 2 Wm. C. Taylor	*The late* Prof. Rushton, Queen's College, Cork
John O'Beirne Croke	Prof. Moffatt, Queen's College, Galway
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Chas. E. Moyse, Torquay	Prof. Morley, University Coll., London
Robt. Arthur Germaine	Dr S. C. Davison, University Coll. School
John Elliot	Rev. Dr R. Morris, King's Coll. Evening Classes[1]
E. Brand Scallon	The Masters, King's College School
William Summers	Prof. Ward, Owen's Coll., Manchester
R. Muilman Chiswell	Dr E. Adams, Evening Class, ditto
Cecil Bendall T. T. Jeffery	Rev. E. A. Abbott, City of London School
Ashton Mercer Beer	Rev. G. Perkins, Manchester Gram. Sch.
Miss Every	R. Spence Watson, Esq., Literary and Philosophical Soc., Newcastle
Nathaniel Micklem	Dr R. F. Weymouth, Mill Hill School
	Rev. A. Jessopp, D.D., Norwich School
William Henry Line Francis Logan (2nd prize)	Rev. S. J. W. Sanders, Bedfordshire Middle-Class School

The only addition made during 1871 to the list of places receiving Prizes, was that of the 'Akademie zu Münster,' Westphalia, at the request of Prof. Horstmann.

§ 10. Since we noticed in 1869 "the awakened interest in the study of Early English," outside our Society, some signs have been given that that interest continues, though it has not been sufficient to increase our own numbers. Dr Morris's *Selections from Chaucer* has reacht a 2nd edition; his *Specimens of Early English* to 1400 A.D. is now being extended and re-edited by him and Mr Skeat, with a Glossary extending over 115 pages, and

[1] No examination was held in the College day-classes either in 1870 or 1871.

containing several thousands of references, forming a compendious handbook of the language of the fourteenth century. Dr Morris's *Historical Outlines of English Accidence* is just ready; Mr Skeat's own school edition of the second version of the *Vision of Piers Plowman* has been publisht, and largely used, and his *Specimens of English from the Crede to the Shepherd's Calendar* (1394 — 1579) has lately appeared. Other works have been Prof. March's able 'Comparative Grammar of Anglo-Saxon;' Mr Skeat's critical edition of the Anglo-Saxon and Northumbrian versions of St Mark's Gospel, on the plan of the edition of St Matthew's Gospel, as projected, and in part executed by the late J. M. Kemble nearly 20 years ago; Mr Abbott's Shaksperian Grammar; Part I of the 2nd edition of Dr F. H. Stratmann's Old-English Dictionary, 1100 to 1400 A.D., much enlarged and improved, and which ought to be in all our Members' hands; Professor Ten Brink's Chaucer *Studien;* Mr A. E. Brae's carefully annotated edition of Chaucer's *Astrolabe;* the Select Prose Works of John Wycliffe (the text of which unluckily needs re-reading with the MSS.); Mr Earle's 'Philology of the English Tongue;' the new edition of Warton's 'History of English Poetry,' of which the 2nd volume (the first of the text) has been added to, and altered by many members of our Society, so as to bring it up to the present state of knowledge; the translation of M. Taine's glowing account of our early literature in his brilliant and able *History,* &c. Reviewers no longer assure us that the *Ayenbite* is Midland; and of the articles on Chaucer in the last two years, two have shown good knowledge of their subject; but many years must pass, before the prevalent impression is abolisht, that (as Mr Skeat said in *The Times*) it is the duty of everybody's neighbour, and not of himself, to know something of Early English and Chaucer. To this end the energies of every Member of the Society should be devoted.

§ 11. *Subscriptions.* The Committee regret very much that the Arrears of Subscriptions complained of in the Reports of 1870 and 1871 have increased instead of decreasing. They "amounted, on Dec. 31, 1870, to £160" (7th Report, p. 18); they amounted, on Dec. 31, 1871, to £175. The Members in arrear have thought it honest to take their fellow-members' books without paying for them, and have considered it consistent with gentlemanly feeling to give Mr Wheatley the trouble of writing to them no less than four times for their arrears, without returning an answer to any of his applications. The Committee have heard of this with much disgust, and have struck these men's names off the Society's list. As too the burden of

dunning for arrears has added so much to Mr Wheatley's work that he has been obliged to resign his post of *Honorary Secretary*, in which he has rendered such signal service to the Society, the Committee have resolved that the like annoyance shall not be given to his successor, and they have therefore resolved that henceforth

No Texts shall be sent to any Member until his current year's subscription is paid.

Even if this rule should cut down the Members of the Society to four-fifths or two-thirds of their old number, the remainder will have the satisfaction of knowing that only those men who pay for the books get them.

§ 12. *Changes of Officers.* The Committee cannot allow Mr Wheatley's resignation of his Honorary-Secretaryship to pass by without a strong expression of their feeling of the value of the work he has done for the Society for now eight years. Since the beginning of 1864, when the Society started, Mr. Wheatley has done single-handed the work of both Honorary Secretary and Treasurer; he has managed the whole of the business-matters of the Society; and few days of the year have past without his pen being employed in its service. He has also edited the unique MS. prose Romance of *Merlin* for us, and the unique MS. tract on the *Britan Tongue* by Hume, besides having designed our Dictionary-Series, and edited the valuable Ryming Dictionary of Levins. Such services speak for themselves; the Committee are sure that all our Members fully recognize them, and that they will be glad to hear that Mr Wheatley has consented to act henceforth as *Treasurer* of the Society. His place as Honorary Secretary will be filled by one of his friends, GEORGE JOACHIM, Esq., of St Andrew House, Change Alley, Cornhill, London, E.C., who has most kindly volunteered to take on himself the trouble of the post.

In connection with these changes, and in conformity with the practice of other Societies, the Committee have thought it well to recognize publicly the position which Mr Furnivall has in fact held since the foundation of the Society by him in 1864; and they have therefore given him the name of *Director*.

In conclusion, the Committee have, with increased urgency, to press on the remaining Members of the Society the *duty* of paying their subscriptions promptly, and of using every effort to supply the places of those Members who have been struck-off the list. We want £1000 a year, for each Series, to do our work properly. The usual statement of the Society's condition is subjoined.

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[The Honorary Secretary of the *Chaucer Society*, and the *Ballad Society*, is Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E.
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REYNOLDS, Dr.
RIGG, Herbert, Esq.
ROCHDALE LIBRARY.
ROSE, Rev. W. F.
ROSS, Henry, Esq.
ROTHWELL, Charles, Esq.

For 1865 & 1866.

ROWE, Rev. George.
ROWE, J. Brooking, Esq.
ROYAL INSTITUTION.
SANDERS, Rev. S. J. W.
SAUNDERS, G. Symes, Esq., M.B.
SIMMS, Charles, Esq.
STONYHURST COLLEGE.
SURTEES, Rev. Scott.
SWEETING, Rev. W. D.
USHERWOOD, Rev. T. E.
UTTOXETER LIBRARY.
VILES, Edward, Esq.
WALKER, T. W., Esq.
WEBSTER, S. M., Esq.
WESTHORP, C. Sterling, Esq.
WILCOCKS, Rev. H. P.
WILKS, Rev. T. C.
WILLIAMS and NORGATE, Messrs. (4 [sets).
WINSTONE, B., Esq.
WOOD, Rev. J. S.
WOODLEY, Frank, Esq.
WOOLLCOMBE, Rev. W. W.
YOUNG, John, jun., Esq.

For 1866.

CAPARN, Rev. W. B.
FALCONER, Thomas, Esq.
PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL LIBRARY.
PORTER, Rd. F., Esq.
SIMONTON, J. W., Esq.

Abstract of the Income and Expenditure of the EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY *for the Year ending Dec.* 31, 1871.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Balance from last Account	15	1	10
Subscriptions	606	3	0
REPRINTING FUND:—	£	s.	d.	
Balance from last Account	73	1	5	
Subscriptions	84	3	0	
				157 4 5
EXTRA SERIES:—				
Balance from last Account	88	12	5	
Subscriptions	304	17	0	
				393 9 5
				£1171 18 8

PAYMENTS.

	£	s.	d.
PRINTING ACCOUNT (Childs) :—			
No. 41. Lauder's Minor Poems	38	0	11
44. Holy Grail	61	3	3
47. Lyndesay's Works, Part 5	36	4	8
48. Times' Whistle	91	15	3
Report for 1870	16	4	2
Repaid to Reprinting Fund	73	1	5
,, Extra Series	88	12	5
Copying, Woodcuts, &c.	80	8	0
Petty Expenses, Postages, Stationery, &c.	6	3	6
Banker's Commission, &c.	0	11	1
REPRINTING FUND:—			
Printing Account (Childs):—	£	s.	d.	
No. 3. Lauder's Dewtie	18	19	6	
5. Hume's Orthographie	12	8	0	
6. Lancelot of the Laik	58	19	8	
8. Morte Arthur	77	14	7	
12. Wright's Chaste Wife	10	8	4	
				178 10 1
Messrs. Trübner's Commission				10 14 0
EXTRA SERIES:—				
Printing Account (Childs) :—				
No. X. Boorde's Introduction	167	15	7	
XI. Barbour's Brus	97	13	3	
XIII. Four Supplications	51	19	8	
Ditto (Austin) :—				
XIV. Ellis's Early English Pronunciation	126	0	0	
				443 8 6
Copying, &c.				28 0 10
Petty Expenses, Postages, &c.				1 13 10
Balance at Banker's				17 6 9
				£1171 18 8

We have examined this Account with the Books and Vouchers, and certify that it is correct.

WM. CUNNINGHAM GLEN, } AUDITORS.
REGINALD HANSON, M.A. }

HENRY B. WHEATLEY, TREASURER.

ORIGINAL SERIES.

The Publications for 1864 (21*s.*) *are:—*

1. Early English Alliterative Poems, ab. 1360 A.D., ed. R. Morris. 16*s.*
2. Arthur, ab. 1440, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 4*s.*
3. Lauder on the Dewtie of Kyngis, &c., 1556, ed. F. Hall. 4*s.*
4. Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1360, ed. R. Morris. 10*s.*

The Publications for 1865 (21*s.*) *are:—*

5. Hume's Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, ab. 1617, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 4*s.*
6. Lancelot of the Laik, ab. 1500, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 8*s.*
7. Genesis and Exodus, ab. 1250, ed. R. Morris.
8. Morte Arthure, ab. 1440, ed. E. Brock. 7*s.*
9. Thynne on Chaucer's Works, ab. 1598, ed. Dr Kingsley.
10. Merlin, ab. 1440, Part I., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
11. Lyndesay's Monarche, &c., 1552, Part I., ed. F. Hall.
12. The Wright's Chaste Wife, ab. 1462, ed. F. J. Furnivall.

The Publications for 1866 *are:—*

13. Seinte Marherete, 1200-1330, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
14. King Horn, Floris and Blancheflour, &c., ed. Rev. J. R. Lumby.
15. Political, Religious, and Love Poems, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
16. The Book of Quinte Essence, ab. 1460-70, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
17. Parallel Extracts from 29 MSS. of Piers the Plowman, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
18. Hali Meidenhad, ab. 1200, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
19. Lyndesay's Monarche, &c., Part II., ed. F. Hall.
20. Hampole's English Prose Treatises, ed. Rev. G. G. Perry.
21. Merlin, Part II., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
22. Partenay or Lusignen, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
23. Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwyt, 1340, ed. R. Morris.

The Publications for 1867 (*one guinea, less No.* 24, 25, 26, *out of print*) *are:—*

24. Hymns to the Virgin and Christ; the Parliament of Devils, &c., ab. 1430, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 3*s.*
25. The Stacions of Rome, the Pilgrims' Sea-voyage, with Clene Maydenhod, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1*s.*
26. Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse, from R. Thornton's MS. (ab. 1440), ed. Rev. G. G. Perry. 2*s.*
27. Levins's Manipulus Vocabulorum, 1570, ed H. B. Wheatley. 12*s.*
28. William's Vision of Piers the Plowman, 1362 A.D. Part I. The earliest or Vernon Text; Text A. Edited by Rev. W. W. Skeat. 6*s.*
29. Early English Homilies (ab. 1220-30 A.D.) from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Part I. Edited by R. Morris. 7*s.*
30. Pierce the Plowman's Crede, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 2*s.*

The Publications for 1868 (*one guinea*) *are:—*

31. Myrc's Duties of a Parish Priest, in Verse, ab. 1420 A.D., ed. E. Peacock. 4*s.*
32. The Babees Boke, Urbanitatis, the Bokes of Norture of John Russell and Hugh Rhodes, the Bokes of Keruyng, Curtasye, and Demeanour, &c., with some French and Latin Poems on like subjects, ed. from Harleian and other MSS. by F. J. Furnivall. 15*s.*
33. The Knight De La Tour Landry (from French of A.D. 1372), ab. 1440 A.D. A Father's Book for his Daughters, ed. from Harl. MS. 1764 and Caxton's version, by Thomas Wright. 8*s.*
34. Early English Homilies (before 1300 A.D.) from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Part II. Edited by R. Morris. 8*s.*
35. Lyndesay's Works, Part III.: The Historie and Testament of Squyer Meldrum, ed. F. Hall. 2*s.*

The Publications for 1869 (*one guinea*) *are:—*

36. Merlin, Part III. Edited by H. B. Wheatley, Esq.; with an Essay on Arthurian Localities, by J. S. Stuart Glennie, Esq. 12*s.*
37. Lyndesay's Works, Part IV., containing Ane Satyre of the Three Estaits. Edited by F. Hall, Esq. 4*s.*
38. William's Vision of Piers the Plowman, Part II. Text B. Edited from the MSS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 10*s.* 6*d.*
39. The Alliterative Romance of the Destruction of Troy, translated from Guido de Colonna. Edited by D. Donaldson, Esq., and the Rev. G. A. Panton. Part I. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Publications for 1870 *are:—*

40. English Gilds, their Statutes and Customs, 1389 A.D. Edited by the late Toulmin Smith, Esq., and Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, with a Preliminary Essay, in 5 parts, on 'The History and Development of Gilds, and the Origin of Trades-Unions,' by Lujo Brentano. 21*s.*
41. William Lauder's Minor Poems. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq. 3*s.*
42. Bernardus De Cura Rei Famuliaris, with some Early Scottish Prophecies, &c. From a MS. KK. 15, in the Cambridge University Library. Edited by J. R. Lumby, M.A. 2*s.*
43. Ratis Raving, and other Moral and Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse. Edited from the Camb. Univ. MS. KK. 15, by J. R. Lumby, M.A. 3*s.*

The Publications for 1871 *are:—*

44. **The Alliterative Romance of Joseph of Arimathie, or The Holy Grail:** a fragment from the Vernon MS.; with Wynkyn de Worde's and Pynson's (A.D. 1526 and 1520) Lives of Joseph; edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. *5s.*
45. **King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care,** edited from 2 MSS., with an English translation, and the Latin original, by Henry Sweet, Esq., of Balliol College, Oxford. Part I. *10s.*
46. **Legends of the Holy Rood, Symbols of the Passion and Cross.** Poems in Old English of the 11th, 14th, and 15th centuries. Edited from MSS. by Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. *10s.*
47. **Lyndesay's Works,** Part V., containing his Minor Poems, edited by James A. H. Murray, Esq., with a critical Essay by Professor Nichol of Glasgow. *3s.*
48. **The Times' Whistle,** and other Poems, by R. C., 1616; edited by J. M. Cowper, Esq. *6s.*

The Publications for 1872 *will probably be:—*

49. **An Old English Miscellany,** containing a Bestiary, Kentish Sermons, Proverbs of Alfred, Religious Poems of the 13th century, edited from the MSS. by the Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. *10s.*
50. **King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care,** edited from 2 MSS., with an English translation, by Henry Sweet, Esq., Balliol College, Oxford. Part II. *10s.*
51. **The Life of St Juliana,** 2 versions, with translations; edited from the MSS. by the Rev. T. O. Cockayne. [*In the Press.*

The Gest Historiale of the Destruction of Troy, translated from Guido de Colonna. To be edited from the unique MS. in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, by D. Donaldson, Esq., and the Rev. G. A. Panton. Part II. [*In the Press.*

The Lay Folk's Mass-Book, edited from the MSS. by the Rev. T. F. Simmons, Canon of York. [*In the Press.*

Merlin, Part IV., containing Preface, Index, and Glossary. Edited by H. B. Wheatley, Esq.

EXTRA SERIES.

The Publications for 1867 *are:—*

I. **William of Palerne;** or, William and the Werwolf. Re-edited from the unique MS. in King's College, Cambridge, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. *13s.*
II. **Early English Pronunciation,** with especial Reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by A. J. Ellis, F.R.S. Part I. *10s.*

The Publications for 1868 *are:—*

III. **Caxton's Book of Curtesye,** in Three Versions: 1, from the unique printed copy in the Cambridge University Library; 2, from the Oriel MS. 79; 3, from the Balliol MS. 354. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. *5s.*
IV. **Havelok the Dane.** Re-edited from the unique MS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A., with the sanction and aid of the original editor, Sir Frederic Madden. *10s.*
V. **Chaucer's Boethius.** Edited from the two best MSS. by R. Morris, LL.D. *12s.*
VI. **Chevelere Assigne.** Re-edited from the unique MS. by H. H. Gibbs, Esq. *3s.*

The Publications for 1869 *are:—*

VII. **Early English Pronunciation,** with especial Reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by A. J. Ellis, F.R.S. Part II. *10s.*
VIII. **Queene Elizabethes Achademy,** a Book of Precedence, &c. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., with Essays on early Italian and German Books of Courtesy, by W. M. Rossetti, Esq., and E. Oswald, Esq. *13s.*
IX. **Awdeley's Fraternitye of Vacabondes, Harman's Caveat,** &c. Edited by E. Viles, Esq., and F. J. Furnivall, Esq. *7s. 6d.*

The Publications for 1870 *are:—*

X. **Andrew Boorde's Introduction of Knowledge,** 1547, and **Dyetary of Helth,** 1542; with **Barnes in the Defence of the Berde,** 1542-3. Edited, with a Life of BOORDE, and an account of his Works, by F. J. Furnivall, M.A. *18s.*
XI. **Barbour's Bruce,** Part I. Edited from the MSS. and early printed editions, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. *12s.*

The Publications for 1871 *are:—*

XII. **England in Henry VIII.'s Time:** a Dialogue between Cardinal Pole and Lupset, mainly on the Condition of England, written by Thomas Starkey, Chaplain to Henry VIII. Edited by J. M. Cowper, Esq., with an Introduction by the Rev. Prof. Brewer, Calendarer of the State Papers of Henry VIII. Part II. *12s.* (Part I., *Starkey's Life and Letters,* is in preparation.)
XIII. **A Supplycacyon of the Beggers,** by Simon Fish, 1528-9 A.D., edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A.; with **A Supplication to our Moste Soueraigne Lorde: A Supplication of the Poore Commons;** and **The Decaye of England by the Great Multitude of Sheep,** edited by J. M. Cowper, Esq. *6s.*
XIV. **Early English Pronunciation,** with especial reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by A. J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S. Part III. *10s.*

The Publications for 1872 *will be:—*

XV. **Robert Crowley's Thirty-one Epigrams, Voyce of The Last Trumpet, Way to Wealth,** &c., 1550-1 A.D., edited by J. M. Cowper, Esq. *12s.*
XVI. **Chaucer's Treatise on the Astrolabe,** 1391 A.D. Edited from the MSS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. [*In the Press.*
XVII. **The Complaynt of Scotland,** about 1548 A.D., edited by J. A. H. Murray, Esq. [*In the Press.*

(*And probably* **Barbour's Bruce,** Part II. Edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.)

The Chaucer Society.

Editor in Chief:—F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq., 3, St George's Square, Primrose Hill, N.W.
Hon. Sec.:—A. G. SNELGROVE, Esq., London Hospital, London, E.

To do honour to CHAUCER, and to let the lovers and students of him see how far the best unprinted Manuscripts of his works differ from the printed texts, this Society is founded. There are many questions of metre, pronunciation, orthography, and etymology yet to be settled, for which more prints of Manuscripts are wanted, and it is hardly too much to say that every line of Chaucer contains points that need reconsideration. The founder's proposal is to begin with *The Canterbury Tales*, and give of them (in parallel columns in Royal 4to) six of the best unprinted Manuscripts known. Inasmuch also as the parallel arrangement will necessitate the alteration of the places of certain tales in some of the MSS, a print of each MS will be issued separately, and will follow the order of its original. The first six MSS to be printed are

The Ellesmere (by leave of the Earl of Ellesmere).
The Lansdowne (Brit. Mus.).
The Hengwrt (by leave of W. W. E. Wynne, Esq.).
The Corpus, Oxford.
The Cambridge Univ. Libr., MS Gg. 4. 27.
The Petworth (by leave of Lord Leconfield).

Of Chaucer's Minor Poems,—the MSS of which are generally later than the best MSS of the Canterbury Tales,—all, or nearly all will be printed, so as to secure all the existing evidence for the true text.

To secure the fidelity and uniform treatment of the texts, Mr F. J. Furnivall will read all with their MSS.

The Society's publications are issued in two Series, of which the first contains the different texts of Chaucer's works, and the Second such originals of, and essays on these as can be procured, with other illustrative treatises, and Supplementary Tales.

The Society's issue for **1868**, in the **First Series**, is,

I. The Prologue and Knight's Tale, of the Canterbury Tales, in 6 parallel Texts (from the 6 MSS named below), together with Tables, showing the Groups of the Tales, and their varying order in 38 MSS of the Tales, and in 5 old printed editions, and also Specimens from several MSS of the "Moveable Prologues" of the Canterbury Tales,—The Shipman's Prologue, and Franklin's Prologue,—when moved from their right places, and of the Substitutes for them.

II.	The Prologue and Knight's Tale from the	Ellesmere MS.	
III.	" " " " " " "	Hengwrt "	154
IV.	" " " " " " "	Cambridge "	Gg. 4. 27
V.	" " " " " " "	Corpus "	Oxford
VI.	" " " " " " "	Petworth "	
VII.	" " " " " " "	Lansdowne "	851

(separate issues of the Texts forming the 6-Text edition in No. I.)

The issue for **1869**, in the **First Series**, is,

VIII.	The Miller's, Reeve's, and Cook's Tales:	Ellesmere MS.	with an Appendix of "Gamelyn" from six MSS.
IX.	" " " " " "	Hengwrt "	
X.	" " " " " "	Cambridge "	
XI.	" " " " " "	Corpus "	
XII.	" " " " " "	Petworth "	
XIII.	" " " " " "	Lansdowne "	

(separate issues of the Texts forming the 6-Text, Part II, No. XIV.)

The issue for **1870**, in the **First Series**, is,

XIV. The Miller's, Reeve's, and Cook's Tales, with an Appendix of the Spurious Tale of Gamelyn, in 6 parallel Texts.

The issue for **1871**, in the **First Series**, is,

XV. The Man of Law's, Shipman's, and Prioress's Tales, with Chaucer's own Tale of Sir Thopas, in 6 parallel Texts from the MSS above named, and 10 coloured drawings of Tellers of Tales, after the originals in the Ellesmere MS.

XVI. The Man of Law's Tale, from the Ellesmere MS.

XVII. " " " " " " " Cambridge MS.

XVIII. " " " " " " " Corpus MS.

XIX. The Shipman's, Prioress's, and Man of Law's Tales, from the Petworth MS.

XX. The Man of Law's Tale, from the Lansdowne MS.

(each with woodcuts of fourteen drawings of Tellers of Tales in the Ellesmere MS.)

XXI. A Parallel-Text edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems, Part I:—'The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse,' from Thynne's ed. of 1532, the Fairfax MS 16, and Tanner MS 346; 'the Compleynt to Pite,' 'the Parlament of Foules,' and 'the Compleynt of Mars,' each from six MSS.

XXII. Supplementary Parallel-Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems, Part I, containing 'The Parlament of Foules,' from three MSS.

XXIII. Odd Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems, Part I, containing 1. two MS fragments of 'The Parlament of Foules;' 2. the two differing versions of 'The Prologue to the Legende of Good Women,' arranged so as to show their differences; 3. an Appendix of Poems attributed to Chaucer, I. 'The Balade of Pitee by Chauciers;' II. 'The Cronycle made by Chaucer,' both from MSS written by Shirley, Chaucer's contemporary.

XXIV. A One-Text Print of Chaucer's Minor Poems, being the best Text from the Parallel-Text Edition, Part I, containing, I. The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse, II. The Compleynt to Pite, III. The Parlament of Foules, IV. The Compleynt of Mars, V. The A B C, with its original from DeGuileville's *Pèlerinage de la Vie humaine* (edited from the best Paris MSS by M. Paul Meyer).

The issue for **1872**, in the **First Series**, is,

XXV. Chaucer's Tale of Melibe, the Monk's, Nun's Priest's, Doctor's, Pardoner's, Wife of Bath's, Friar's, and Summoner's Tales, in 6 parallel Texts from the MSS above named, and with the remaining 13 coloured drawings of Tellers of Tales, after the originals in the Ellesmere MS.

XXVI. The Wife's, Friar's, and Summoner's Tales, from the Ellesmere MS, with 9 woodcuts of Tale-Tellers. (Part IV.)

XXVII. The Wife's, Friar's, Summoner's, Monk's, and Nun's Priest's Tales, from the Hengwrt MS, with 23 woodcuts of the Tellers of the Tales. (Part III.)

XXVIII. The Wife's, Friar's, and Summoner's Tales, from the Cambridge MS, with 9 woodcuts of Tale-Tellers. (Part IV.)

(The Six-Text Print of the Canterbury Tales will, it is hoped, be completed early in 1874.)

Of the **Second Series**, the issue for **1868** is,

1. Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by Alexander J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S. Part I. This work includes an amalgamation of Prof. F. J. Child's two excellent and exhaustive Papers on the use of the final *e* by Chaucer (in T. Wright's ed. of *The Canterbury Tales*) and by Gower (in Dr Pauli's ed. of the *Confessio Amantis*).

2. Essays on Chaucer, his Words and Works, Part I.: 1. Prof. Ebert's Review of Sandras's *Etude sur Chaucer*, translated by J. W. van Rees Hoets, M.A.; 2. A 13th-century Latin Treatise on the *Chilindre* (of the *Shipman's Tale*), edited by Mr E. Brock.

3. A Temporary Preface to the Society's Six-Text edition of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Part I, attempting to show the right Order of the Tales, and the Days and Stages of the Pilgrimage, &c., &c., by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.

Of the **Second Series** the issue for **1869** is,

4. Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by Alexander J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S. Part II.

Of the **Second Series** the issue for **1870** is,

5. Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by Alexander J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S. Part III.

Of the **Second Series** the issue for **1871** is,

6. Trial-Forewords to my Parallel-Text edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems for the

Chaucer Society (with a try to set Chaucer's Works in their right order of Time), by Fredk. J. Furnivall. Part I. (This Part brings out, for the first time, Chaucer's long early but hopeless love.)

Of the **Second Series** the issue for **1872** will be as many of the following as the Subscriptions will pay for:—

a. Supplementary Canterbury Tales: 1. The Tale of Beryn, with a Prologue of the merry Adventure of the Pardoner with a Tapster at Canterbury, re-edited from the Duke of Northumberland's unique MS, by Fredk. J. Furnivall. (The text is all printed.) [*In the Press.*

b. The original of Chaucer's Man of Law's Tale of Constance, from the French Chronicle of Nicholas Trivet, Arundel MS 56, ab. 1340 A.D., collated with the later copy, ab. 1400, in the National Library at Stockholm; copied and edited, with a translation, by Mr Edmund Brock. Also, two French Poems resembling the Reeve's Tale, and two Latin Stories like the Friar's Tale. (The Texts are all printed.) [*In the Press.*

c. Essays on Chaucer, his Words and Works, Part II.: 3. John of Hoveden's *Practica Chilindri*, edited from the MS, with a translation, by Mr E. Brock. 4. Chaucer's use of the final *e*, by Joseph Payne, Esq. (perhaps with an Appendix, containing Dr R. F. Weymouth's Paper on Anglo-Saxon and Early English Pronunciation). 5. Chaucer's Squire's Tale not borrowed from the French Romance of *Cleomadès;* by Henry Nicol, Esq. [*In the Press.*

d. Prof. Bernhard Ten Brink's "Chaucer: Studies on the History of his Developement, and the Chronology of his Writings," Part I, translated by Miss Ottilie Blind, and revised by the author.

e. The Household book of Isabella, wife of Prince Lionel, son of Edward III, in which the name of GEOFFREY CHAUCER first occurs; edited from the unique MS in the British Museum, by Edward A. Bond, Esq., Keeper of the MSS.

f. A detailed Comparison of the *Troylus and Cryseyde* with Boccaccio's *Filostrato*, with a Translation of all Passages used by Chaucer, and an Abstract of the Parts not used, by W. Michael Rossetti, Esq., and with a print of the *Troylus* from the Harleian MS 3943.

For 1873, Part V of the Six-Text edition, containing the Tales of the Clerk, Merchant, Squire, Franklin, Second Nun, Canon's Yeoman, and Manciple, will soon go to press, for the First Series. For the Second, 'A detailed Comparison of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* with the *Teseide* of Boccaccio,' by HENRY WARD, Esq., of the MS Department of the British Museum, is preparing.

The fourth and concluding Part of Mr A. J. Ellis's great work on *Early English Pronunciation* may be expected in 1874 or 1875.

The second French work will be either Guillaume de Machault's *Remède de Fortune* and *Dit de la Fontaine Amoureuse* (to compare with Chaucer's *Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse*), or Jean de Meun's *Livre de Melibée et de Prudence* (from Albertano of Brescia's *Liber Consolationis*, A.D. 1246), or Guillaume de Machault's *Dit du Lyon*, the possible original of Chaucer's lost *Book of the Leo*, edited from the MSS, for the first time, by Monsieur PAUL MEYER. The French *Melibée* will be accompanied (on opposite pages) by its Latin original, edited by Mr KARL SUNDBY of Copenhagen. This will be followed by such originals of Chaucer's other works as are known, but are not of easy access to subscribers.

Messrs Trübner & Co., of 60, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., are the Society's publishers, Messrs Childs its printers, and the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., its bankers. The yearly subscription is two guineas, due on every 1st January, beginning with Jan. 1, 1868. *More Members are wanted. All the Society's Publications can still be had.*

Prof. Child, of Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, is the Society's Honorary Secretary for America. Members' names and subscriptions may be sent to the Publishers, or to the Honorary Secretary,

A. G. SNELGROVE, Esq.,
London Hospital, London, E.

The Ballad Society

was establisht, on the completion of the print of the Percy Folio MS, to reprint the known collections of Ballads, like the Roxburghe, Bagford, Rawlinson, Douce, &c., and to print Ballads from MSS, and books illustrating Ballad-History. The Ballad Society books are printed in demy 8vo, like those of the Early English Text Society, and the Percy Folio (but on toned paper for the sake of the Woodcuts), and also in super-royal 8vo, on Whatman's eighty-shilling ribbed paper. The subscription for the demy 8vos is *One Guinea* a year; that for the royal ribbed papers *Three Guineas*. The subscriptions date from January 1, 1868. The Society's books are not on sale separately to the public. The Society's printers are Messrs TAYLOR and Co., 10, Little Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

More Members and Local Secretaries are wanted.

Subscriptions should be paid either to the account of *The Ballad Society* at the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., or (by Post Office Order, payable at the Chief Office, E.C.) to—

ARTHUR G. SNELGROVE, ESQ.,
London Hospital, London, E.

No. 1. **Ballads and Poems from Manuscripts. Vol. I, Part 1,** on the Condition of England in the Reigns of Henry VIII. and Edw. VI. (including the State of the Clergy, Monks, and Friars) contains (besides a long Introduction) the following poems, &c.: Now a Dayes, ab. 1520 A.D.; Vox Populi Vox Dei, A.D. 1547-8; The Ruyn' of a Ream'; The Image of Ypocresye, A.D. 1533; Against the Blaspheming English Lutherans and the Poisonous Dragon Luther; The Spoiling of the Abbeys; The Overthrowe of the Abbeys, a Tale of Robin Hoode; De Monasteriis Diruțis. Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A. 1868.

No. 2. **Ballads from Manuscripts. Vol. I, Part 2,** is in the Press, and will contain Ballads on Wolsey, Anne Boleyn, Somerset, Lady Jane Grey, &c., with an Index and Glossary, by J. H. Backhouse, Esq., and a Preface to the whole Volume. Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A. 1872. [*In the Press.*

No. 3. **Ballads from Manuscripts. Volume II, Part 1: The Poore Mans Pittance,** by RICHARD WILLIAMS, contayninge three severall subiects:—(1.) The firste, the fall and complaynte of Anthonie Babington, whoe, with others, weare executed for highe treason in the feildes nere lyncolns Inne, in the yeare of our lorde—1586. (2.) The seconde contaynes the life and Deathe of Roberte, lorde Deverox, Earle of Essex: whoe was beheaded in the towre of london on ash-

wensdaye mornynge, *Anno*—1601. (3.) The laste, Intituled "acclamatio patric," contayninge the horrib[l]e treason that weare pretended agaynste your Maiestie, to be donne on the parliament howse The seconde [third] yeare of your Maiestis Raygne [1605]. Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A. 1868. (*The Introductions, by Professor W. R. Morfill, M.A., of Oriel Coll., Oxford, and the Index, will be issued shortly.*)

No. 4. **The Roxburghe Ballads, Part I,** 1869, with short Notes by W. CHAPPELL, Esq., and copies of the original Woodcuts by Mr RUDOLF BLIND and Mr W. H. HOOPER.

No. 5. **The Roxburghe Ballads, Part II,** with facsimile Woodcuts, and Notes by W. CHAPPELL, Esq. 1870.

No. 6. **The Roxburghe Ballads, Part III** (completing Vol. I), with facsimile Woodcuts, and with Notes and an Introduction, giving a full Account of the Roxburghe and the other great Ballad Collections, by W. CHAPPELL, Esq. 1871.

No. 7. **Captain Cox, his Ballads and Books,** or, ROBERT LANEHAM'S Letter: Whearin part of the entertainment untoo the Queenz Majesty at Killingworth Castl, in Warwik Sheer in this Soomerz Progress .1575. is signified; from a freend officer attendant in the Court, unto hiz freend, a Citizen and Merchaunt of London. Re-edited, with accounts of all Captain Cox's accessible Books and Ballads, and a comparison of them with those in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, 1548 A.D., by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A. 1871.

In Preparation, all the Ballads having been copied.

The Roxburghe Ballads. With short Notes by W. CHAPPELL, Esq. Part IV (*beginning Vol. II*), *for* 1872.

The Civil War and Protectorate Ballads. Edited by E. F. RIMBAULT, Esq., Mus. Doc.

Ballads from Manuscripts. Vol. II, Part 2, containing Ballads on Queen Elizabeth, Essex, Campion, Drake, etc. Edited by Prof. W. R. MORFILL, M.A., Oxford.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

JULIANA.

JULIANA.

Royal MS. 17 A. xxvii. [Leaf 55.]

Her cumſeð þe uie of seinte iuliane. ant telleð of liffade hire.

IN ure lauerdes luue þe is feader of frumſchaft. ant on his deorewurðe ſunes nome. ant o þes haligaſtes. *þat* glideð of ham baðen. alle lewede men. *þat* underſtonden ne mahen latines ledene. liðin. ⁊ luſtnin ane meidenes liflade. *þat* is of latin iturnd into engliſch. *þat* te lif hali lefdi. in heouene luuie us þe mare. ant of þis lihinde lif:

*[Leaf 56, back.] leade us wið hire ern*dunge. þe is icoren of criſt into þe echa of heouene.

[MODERNIZED.]

Here begins the life of St. Juliana, and tells of her life.

In the name of God, let all unlearned men listen to the life of a maiden.

In the love of our Lord, who is father of creation, and in the name of his precious Son, and in (the name) of the Holy Ghost, that glides from them both, let all unlearned men who cannot understand the Latin language, hearken and listen to the life of a maiden, which is turned from Latin into English, that the life-holy lady in heaven may love us the more, and from this lying (deceptive) life lead us with the intercession of her who is chosen of Christ, into the eternal (life) of heaven.

JULIANA.

Bodl. MS. 34. [Fol. 36b.]

Ꝺ þe feaderef ⁊ i þe ſunef ⁊ i þe þali gaſtef Rome. Her biginneꝺ þe liffaꝺe. ant te paſſiun of ſeinte Juliene.

IN ure lauerdef luue þe feader if of frumſcheft. ant iþe deore wurꝺmunt of hif deorewurꝺe ſune. ⁊ iþe heiunge of þe hali gaſt. þe of ham ba glideꝺ. an godd unagin euch godef ful. Alle leawede men. þe underſtonden ne mahen latinef ledene. lideꝺ ⁊ luſteꝺ þe liſlade of a meiden. *þat if of latin iturnd: to engliſche leode. wiꝺ þon þat teof hali leafdi. in heouene luuie uf þe mare. ⁊ þurh þif lihnide lif. leade uf to þat eche. þurh hire eadi erndunge. þat criſt if ſwiꝺe icweme.

*[Fol. 37.]

lihinde; disappointing.

[MODERNIZED.]

In þe name of þe Faþer, and of þe Son, and of þe Holy Ghost. Here beginneꝺ þe life, and martyrdom of St. Juliana.

In þe love of our Lord, who is Faþer of all creation, and in þe glory of his precious Son, and in þe extolling of þe Holy Ghost who proceeded from þem boꝺ; one God, wiþout beginning, full of every good, all ye lewd men, who cannot understand the Latin language, hear ye and listen to þe life of a maiden which is turned from þe Latin into þe English language to þe end þat þis holy lady in heaven may love us þe more, and þrough þis loaned life, may lead us to þe eternal one, by her blessed merits, which are very acceptable to Christ.

Translated from the Latin.

Þeof meiden. ant tis martir. wes iuliane inempnet. in nichomedes burh. ⁊ of heðene cun icumen. ant hire fleſchliche feder wes affrican ihaten. of þe heðene meſt þeo *þat* criſtene weren: derfliche droh ham to deaðe. ah heo as þeo *þat* te heouenlich feder luuede. leafde al hire aldrene lahen. ⁊ bigon to luuien þene liuiende lauerd þe luſſum godd. *þat* wiſſeð ant weldeð al *þat* is on worlde: ⁊ al *þat* iwraht is. Þa wes bi þon time as redegunge telleð. Maximian þe modi keiſer ine rome heinde ant heriende heðene maẅmez. wið unmeð muchel hird ⁊ unduhti duheðe. ⁊ fordemde alle þeo: þe on drihtin bilefden. þes Maximian luuede an heh mon of cunne ant eke riche of rente elewſius wes ihaten. ant weren as feolahes *þurh* muche freontſchipe. þis meidenes feder ⁊ he. weren ſwiðe wel togederes: as he ſumchere iſeh

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The maiden was named Juliana.

This maiden and this martyr was named Juliana, in the city of Nicomedia, and (was) come of heathen kin, and her fleshly father was called Africanus, greatest of the heathen. Those that were Christians, he strongly drew them to death. But she, as one whom the heavenly father loved, left all her parents customs, and began to love the living Lord, the lovesome God, that directs and rules all that is in the world, and all that is wrought (created). Then was at that time, as the reading tells, the proud Maximian emperor in Rome, extolling and praising heathen idols, with an immensely great company and unworthy dignity; and he condemned all those who believed on the Lord. This Maximian loved a man high of kin and also rich in revenue. He was called Eleusius. And they were as companions through great friendship. This maidens father and he were very well together. As he on one occasion saw

Her father Africanus persecuted the Christians; yet she loved the living God.

Maximian the emperor had a friend named Eleusius.

Þeof meiden ⁊ teof martyr *þat* ich of munne ; weſ Juliene inempnet. i Nichomedeſe burh. Al of heaðene cun icumen ⁊ akennet. ⁊ hire fleſhliche feader affrican hehte. þe heande ⁊ heaſcede meſt men þe weren criſtene. ⁊ droh ha*m* þurh derue pinen to deaðe. Ah heo aſ þeo *þat* te hehe heouenliche lau*er*d hefde hiſ luue ileuet. leafde hire ealdrene lahen ⁊ bigon to luuien þen aa liuiende goð þe luſſume lau*er*d. *þat* ſchupte alle ſchafteſ ⁊ wealdeð ⁊ ſcheafteſ. wiſſeð efter þet hiſ wil iſ. al *þat* iſcheapen is.

Wes iþon time aſ þe redunge telleð. þe modi Maximien keiſer irome. heriende. ⁊ heiende heaðene maumez· wið unimeað muchel hird. ⁊ wið heh duheðe. ⁊ fordemde alle þeo þe o drihtin bilefden. Þeſ mihti maximien luuede an eleuſium biuoren monie of hiſ men. Akennet of heh cun. ⁊ ſwiðe riche of rente. ⁊ ȝunge mon of ȝereſ. þes ȝunge mon eleuſi*us*. *þat þus* weſ wel wið þe king. hefde inune feolahſchipe to affrican. ⁊ weſ iwunet ofte to cumen wið him *to hiſ in. ⁊ iſeon hiſ dohter. *[Fol. 375.]

Þis maiden and þis martyr of whom I make mention was named Juliana, in þe town of Nicomedia, come entirely, and descended from a heaþen race, and her fleshly faþer was called Africanus, who vexed and insulted very much men þat were Christians, and drew þem ðrough doleful pains to deað. But she, as one þat had lent her love to þe high heavenly faþer, left her parents customs, and began to love þe everliving God, þe lovesome Lord, who created all creation and ruleð and directeð according as his will is, all þat is created. High birth of Juliana.

In þat time, as þe reading telleð, þe moody Maximian was emperour in Rome, glorifying and extolling heaðen mammets, wiþ an immensely great following, and wiþ high dignity, and condemned all þose who believed in þe Lord. Þis mighty Maximianus loved one Eleusius before many of his men, born of a high race, and very rich in revenue, and a young man in years. Þis young man Eleusius, who was þus well wiþ þe king, had close fellowship wiþ Africanus, and was accuſtomed often to come wið him to his dwelling and to see his daughter. Date.

hire utnume feir. ant freoliche. he felde him iwundet. þæt wiȝ uten lechnunge of hire libben he ne mahte. Affrican wiſte wel þat he weſ freo boren. ⁊ þat him walde bicumen a freo boren burde. ant ȝettede him
*[Leaf 57.] his dohter. ⁊ wes ſone *ihondſald al hire unwilles. ah heo truſte on him þat ne trukeneȝ namon: þat truſteȝ treowliche on him. ant euch deis dei eode to chirche to leornen godes lare. ȝeornliche to witen hu ha mahte beſt witen hire unweommet. ⁊ hire meiȝhad wiȝuten man of monne. Elewſius þe luuede hire longe hit him þuhte. þat tis dede nere idon. þat heo ibroht were þurh wedlac to bedde. ah as ha wende

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Eleusius fell in love with Juliana;

her exceptionally fair and noble, he felt himself wounded, so that without healing of her he could not live. Africanus knew well that he was gently born, and that a gently born bride would (well) become him; and

and her father granted her to him.

granted him his daughter; and (she) was soon hanselled all against her will. But she trusted on him that fails no man who trusts truly in him; and at each days dawn (day),

But she was seeking how she might keep her virginity unspotted.

she went to church to learn Gods lore, earnestly to know how she might best keep herself unspotted, and her maidenhood without commerce of man. To Eleusius, who loved her, it seemed long, that this deed were not done, that she were brought through wedlock to bed. But as she thought

As he hefde en chere bihalden swiðe ȝeorne hire utnumne feire. ⁊ freoliche ȝuheðe; feldo him iwundet in wið in hif heorte wið þe flan þe of luue fleoð. fwa *þat* him þuhte þet ne mahte he nanef weif wið uto þe lechnunge of hire luue libben. Ant efter lutle ſtounde wið ute long ſteuene. wef him ſeolf ſonde to Affrican hire feader. ⁊ bifohte him ȝeorne *þat* he hire ȝeue him. ⁊ he hire walde menſkin wið al *þat* he mahte. Af þe *þing* i þe world *þat* he meaſt luuede. Affrican wiſte *þat* he wef ſwiðe freo iboren. Ant waldo wel bicumen him a freo iboren burde. ⁊ ȝetede him hif bone. Ha wef him ſone ihondfald þah hit hire unwil were. An ha truſte upon him *þat* ne truked na mon. ha trewliche him truſte on. ⁊ eode to chirche euche daheðef dei. to leornin godef lare. biddinde ȝeorne wið reowfule reamef. *þat* he wiffede hire o hwuche wife ha mahte witen hire meiðhað from monef man vnwemmet.

Elewfiuf *þat* luuede hire þuhte sw[i]ðe longe *þat* ha neren to brudlac ⁊ to bed ibrohte. ah heo forte

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As once he had very earnestly beholden her exquisitely fair and ladylike youð; he felt himself wounded wiþin his heart, wiþ þe arrow which flieð from love, so þat it seemed to him, þat he could nowise, wiðout þe medicine of her love, live. And after a little time wiðout a long tale, he was himself his messenger to Africanus her faþer, and besought him earnestly, þat he would give her to him, and he would grace her wiþ all þat he was able, as þe þing in þe world, þat he most loved. Africanus knew þat he was very gently born, and þat a gentleborn bride would well suit him, and he granted his request. She was soon hanselled to him, þough it were against her consent. But she trusted upon him þat deceives no man: she truly trusted in him and went to church at every days dawn, to learn Gods lore, praying earnestly wiþ rueful cries, that he would direct her in what way she might preserve her maidenhood from mans commerce, unstained.

Juliana loved by Eleusius.

Given to him by her father.

To Eleusius, þat loved her, it seemed very long, that she were not to bridal and to bed brought, but she to

hire ſummeſ weis to witene. ſende him to ſeggen. *þat* nalde ha ihten ſwa lahe ne nehlechen him for nan liuiende mon. er þen he were under Maximian heheſt in rome *þat* is heh reue. Sone ſo he iherde þis. he bi-ȝet et te keiſer *þat* he ȝettede him[1] reue to beonne as *þat* he iȝirnd hefde. ant he as me þa luuede. lette leaden him *into* ture. ⁊ te riche riden in. ⁊ tuhen him ȝont te tun: from ſtrete to ſtrete. ant al þe tur wes bitild. *þat* he wes in. wiþ purpre wiþ pal. ⁊ wiþ ciclatun.[2] ⁊ deorewurþe claþes. as þe *þat* heh þing hefde to heden. ant þa he hefde þis idon: he ſende hire to ſeggen. *þat* he hefde hire wil iwraht. ⁊ heo ſchulde his wurchen.

[1] Altered from *hem.*

[2] MS. ciclatur.

Iuliane þe edie ihesu criſteſ leouemon of his bliſſule luue balde hire ſeoluen. ſende him to onſwere. *bi an of hire ſonden. Elewſiuſ wite þu hit wel ireadi. wraþþi ſo þu wraþþi. no lengre nulich hit heolen

*[Leaf 57, back.]

Juliana sent him word that she would not approach him till he were High Reeve. He procured this dignity from the emperor;

to guard herself in some way, she sent to him to say that she would not descend so low, nor approach him for any living man before he were, under Maximian, highest in Rome, that is, High Reeve. As soon as he heard this, he procured from the emperor that he should grant him to be reeve, as that which he had desired; and he, as man loved (to have it) then, caused him to be led into a tower; and ride into his province; and they drew him about the town, from street to street. And all the tower that he was in was awned with purple, with pall, and with ciclatoun and precious cloths, as he that high things had to heed. And when he had done this, he sent to her to say that he had wrought her will, and she ought to work his.

and then told her he had wrought her will.

Juliana the blessed, Jesus Christ's beloved, with his blissful love, made herself bold, sent to him as answer, by one of her messengers, "Eleusius, know thou it well ready, be as wroth as thou mayst, no longer will I conceal it

Juliana boldly replied that

werien hire wiȝ him ſumme hwile: *ſende him to ſeggen. *[Fol. 38.]
þat nalde ha nawt lihten ſe lahe to luuien. Ne nalde ha neolechin him for na liuiende mon. ear þen he were under Maximien. heheſt i Rome. *þat* if heh reue. He aſe timliche aſ he hefde iherd þiſ. biȝet ed te Keiſer þet he ȝette him al *þat* he walde. ⁊ lette aſ me luuede þa leaden him i cure up o fowr hweoleſ. ⁊ teon him ȝeon te tun þron from ſtrete to ſtrete. Al þe cure ou*er*tild *þat* he weſ itohen on: wiȝ purpreſ ⁊ pelleſ. wiȝ ciclatunſ ⁊ cendall ⁊ deorewurȝe claȝeſ. As þe *þat* ſe heh þing hefde to heden. ant ſe riche reſſchipe to rihten ⁊ to readen. þa he hefde þuſ idon. ſende hire *þus* to ſeggen hire wil he hefde iwraht. Nu hiſ ha ſchulde wurchen. Juliene þe eadie ih*es*u cr*iſ*teſ leofmon of hiſ bliffule luue balde hire ſeoluen, ⁊ ſende him al openliche bi ſonde to ſeggen. þis word ha ſend te for nawt þu haueſt iſwechte. wreaȝe ſe þu wreaȝe. Do *þat* tu do wult nule ich ne ne mei ich lengre heolen hit te ȝef þu wult

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defend herself against him for some while, sent to him to say, that she would not condescend to love so low, nor would she come near him for any living man, till he should be under Maximianus, þe highest in Rome, þat is þe High Reeve. He, as soon as he had heard þis, procured from þe emperor þat he should grant him all þat he would, and so ordered þat, as man would have it þen, he was led about in a chariot upon four wheels, and drawn þrough þe town from street to street. All þe chariot was over awned, in which he was drawn, wiȝ purple and palls, wiȝ ciclatoun and sindon and precious cloȝȝs, as one þat had so high þings to take heed for, and so mighty an office to direct and to advise in. When he had done þus, he sent to her to tell her he had wrought her will, and now she should work his. Juliana þe blessed, Jesus Christs leman, out of his blissful love, made herself bold, and sent to him all openly by a messenger to say; þis word she sends þee; for nought hast þou toiled, be as wraȝ as þou may, do as þou do wilt; I will not, nor can any longer conceal it from þee: if þou wilt

She requires in him high official rank.

þe. ȝef þu wult leauen þe lahen *þat* tu liſt in. ant leuen in godd feder. ⁊ *in* his deorewurðe ſune. ⁊ iþe hali gaſt. ichulle wel neomen þe. ȝef þu nult no: þu art wundi of me. ⁊ oðer luue ſech þe. þa þe reue iherde þis: he wreððede him ſwiðe. ⁊ hire feder cleopede. ant feng on to tellen him. hu his doht*er* droh him from deie to deie. ant efter *þat* he wende to habben his iwil ſo ha him þis word ſulliche ſende. Bi *þat* ilke godd q*uo*ð hire feder *þat* me is laðe to gremien beo hit ſoð *þat* tu ſeiſt to wraðer heale ſeide ha hit. ant nu ichulle o great grome al biteachen hire þe. to wurchen þi wil. ⁊ al *þat* te wel likeð as mit tin ahne. ⁊ me cleopede hire forð biuoren hire feder. ⁊ he feng feire to fondin his dohter Mi deorewurðe dohter hwer fore uorſakeſtu þi ſy. ant ti ſelhðe. þe weolen ant te wu*n*nen *þat* walden awakenin ant waxen of þi wedlac. *þat*

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if he would become a Christian he should have her; but not otherwise.

Then the reeve complained to her father, who swore that if it were true, he would hand her over to Eleusius to do as he pleased with her.

Her father strives by fair words to turn her from her purpose;

from thee; if thou wilt leave the customs that thou liest in, and believe in God the Father, and in his precious Son, and in the Holy Ghost, I will indeed take thee; if thou wilt not, thou art quit of me; and seek thee another love." When the reeve heard this, he became very wroth, and called her father, and began to tell him how his daughter drew him on from day to day, and after he thought to have his will, she strangely sent him this word. "By that same God," quoth her father, "whom I am loth to anger, be it true that thou sayest, to (her) sorrow she said it, and now I will in great anger altogether give her up to thee to work thy will and all that pleases thee, as with thine own." And she was called forth before her father; and he began fairly to try his daughter: "My precious daughter, wherfore forsakest thou thy victory and thy happiness, the wealth and the joys that would arise and grow out of thy wedlock, which

leauen. þe lahen þet tu liueſt in ant leuen i godd feader. ⁊ in hiſ deorwurðe sune. ⁊ i þe hali gaſt folkene froure. an godd *þat iſ igret wið euchef cunnef gode: Ich chule wel *[Fol. 38b.] neome þe. ⁊ ȝef þat tu nult no: þu art windi of me: ⁊ oðer luue ſech þe. Þa þe hehe reue iherde þiſ ondſwere: bigon to wreðen ſwiðe: ⁊ cleopede hire feder forð. ⁊ feng on to tellen. hwuch word ha ſende him. Efter þat he wende forte habben idon al þat he wilnede. Affrican hire feader wundrede him ſwiðe. ⁊ bigon to swerien. bi þe ilke godeſ þat me iſ lað to gremien. beo hit ſoð þat tu ſeiiſt: to wraðer heale. ha ſehð hit. ant ich wulle o great gróme al biteachen hire þe: ⁊ tu do hire. al þat tu wult. He þonkede him. ⁊ heo weſ icleopet forð. ⁊ Affrican hire feader feng on earſt feire on; to lokin ȝef he mahte wið eani luue speden. Juliene quoð he mi deorewurðe dohter. ſei me hwi þu forſakeſt. þi ſy ⁊ ti ſelhðe: þe weolen ⁊ te wunnen. þe walden awakenen. ⁊ waxen of þe wedlac þat ich reade þe to: hit niſ nan

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leave þe customs þat þou livest in and believe in God þe Faþer, and in his precious Son, and in þe Holy Ghost, the Comforter of the world; One God þat is magnified wiþ good of every kind, I will readily take þee, and if þou wilt not do þat, þou art quit of me, and seek þee anoþer love. When þe high reeve heard þis answer, he began to be very wraþ, and called her faþer forþ, and began to tell him what a word she had sent him, after he supposed he had done all þat she demanded. Africanus her faþer wondered at it much, and began to swear, "By þe same gods, whom it is grief to me to anger, be it true as þou sayest, to her sorrow she saiþ it, and I will in great anger altogeþer hand her over to þee, and do þou to her all þat þou wilt." He þanked him, and she was called forþ, and Africanus her faþer began first to look fairly on her, to see if he might wiþ any love speed. "Juliana," asked he, "my precious daughter, tell me why þou abandonest þe triumph and happiness, þe felicity and joys, which would spring up and grow out of þe wedlock þat I advise þee to. Tis no

Juliana denies the conversion of Eleusius.

She is urged by her father to wed Eleusius.

ich þe to reade. for he if inoh lauerd elewſius ine rome. ⁊ tu maht beon leafdi dohter ȝef þu wel wult. Iuliane þe
*[Leaf 58.] eadie onſwerede him ⁊ ſeide aſ þeo þat *ine godd hire hope hefde. ȝef he wule leuen an god al mihti. þenne mei he ſpeoken þrof ⁊ inohraȝe ſpeden. ant ȝef *þat* he nule nawt. ne ſchal wiuen on me. wiue þer hif wil is. þa hire feder iherde þis: þa feng he to ſwerien. Bi mi kinewurȝe lauerd apollo. ant bi mi deore leafdi diane. *þat* ich muche luuie. ȝef þu haldeſt heron. ichulle leoten deor to
[1] A hole in the MS. teore*n* ant to luken þe. ⁊ ȝeouen þi fleſch: [to][1] fuheles of þe lufte. Iuliane him onſwerede ⁊ ſofteliche ſeide. ne wen þu nawiht leoue feder. *þat* tu affeare me ſwa. for ih*es*u *criſt* godes ſune *þat* ich on leue ⁊ luuie as lauerd luſſumeſt on liue. þah ich beo forbernd. ⁊ to loken limel. nulich heronont buhen þe nawiht þa feng eft hire [feder] on wiȝ olhnu*n*ge to fondi*n* ȝef he mahte eifweis wenden hire heorte. ⁊ ſeide hire luſſumliche. *þat*

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but she declares that if he will not believe in God Almighty, he shall not marry her.

I counsel thee to? for Eleusius is lord enough in Rome, and thou mayest be lady, daughter, if thou wilt." Juliana the blessed answered him, and said, as one who had her hope in God, "If he will believe in God Almighty, then may he speak of it and succeed quickly enough, and if he will not, he shall not marry me, let him marry where his

Her father then swears that he will let wild beasts tear her.

will is." When her father heard this, then began he to swear: "By my royal lord Apollo, and by my dear lady Diana, whom I much love, if thou holdest to this, I will let beasts tear and rend thee asunder, and give thy flesh to fowls of the air." Juliana answered him, and softly said,

But she says though she were torn limb from limb, she will never give way.

"Think not, dear father, that thou mayest terrify me so, for (by) Jesus Christ, Gods Son, on whom I believe, and whom I love as lord, lovesomest in life, though I be burnt up, and plucked asunder limbmeal, I will not, as regards this, bow to thee." Then began her father again with flattery to try if he might in any way turn her heart, and told her lovesomely th[illegible]

eðelich þing. þe reffchipe of rome. ant tu maht ȝef þu wult. beon burhene leafdi. ⁊ of alle þe londef þe þerto liggeð. Juliene þe eadie ontſwerede him ⁊ ſeide. [¹af þeo þat ine godd hire hope hefde.] ȝef he wule luuien. ⁊ leuen godd. al mihti; þenne mei he [¹ſpeoken] þrof. ⁊ ſpeden inoh reaðe. for ȝef he *þat* nule no; ich ſegge þe *þat* ſoð if. ne ſchal he wiuen on me. Sei nu hwet ti wil is. affrican wreaðede ⁊ *ſwor swiðe deopliche. for þe drihtfule godd apollo mi lauerd. ⁊ mi deore leafdi þe deorewurðe diane *þat* ich muche luuie. ȝef þu haldeſt her on; ich ſchal leote wilde deor to luken ⁊ to teore þe ⁊ ȝeoue þi fleſch fode to fuheleſ of þe lufte. Juliene him ondſwerede. ⁊ ſofteliche ſeide. Ne lef þu nawt leoue feader *þat* tu offeare me ſwa; ich ſwerie aȝein. þe ihesu criſt godef ſune. *þat* ich on leue. ⁊ luuie aſ leoflukeſt. ⁊ luſſumeſt lauerd. þat ich ewic beo forbearnd baðe lim ⁊ lið ileitinde leie. Nulle ich þe her onont þreaté ſe þu þreate buhe ne beien.

*[Fol. 39.]

[A]ffrican feng eft on. ⁊ to fondin ongon ȝef he mahte eanif weif olhnunge wenden hire heorte: ⁊ leof-

eft MS.

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¹ From MS. R.

contemptible þing þis prefecture of Rome, and þou mayest, if þou wilt, be lady of þe town, and of all þe lands þat belong þereto." Juliana, þe blessed, answered him and said, "If he will love and believe in God Almighty, þen may he speak of it; and speed quickly enough: for if he will not, he shall not swive on me. Say now what þy will is." Africanus was wrað and swore very deeply. "Before the lordly god Apollo, my master, and my dear lady, þe precious Diana, whom I much love, if þou holdest to þis, I shall make wild beasts lacerate and tear þee, and give þy flesh as food to fowls of þe air." Juliana answered him and softly said, "Believe not, dear faþer, þat þou canst terrify me so; I swear on þe oþer hand; by Jesu Christ, Son of God, on whom I believe, and whom I love as loveliest and lovesomest lord, þough I be quite burnt up, boð limb and joint in gleaming flame; I will not, as regards þis, bend nor bow to þe, ðreaten as þou mayest.

Africanus tried again, and began to attempt, if he were able, anywise, by flattery to turn her heart, and kindly

ne ſchulde ha nane wunne lihtliche wilnin: *þat* he ne ſchulde welden. wiȝ *þat* ha walde hire þonc wenden Nai quoȝ *þat* meiden ſchuldich don me to him *þat* is alle deoulen bitaht. ⁊ to eche deȝ idemet. to furwurȝen wiȝ him world abuten ende. for hiſ wedlakeſ weole oȝer for eni wunne. for ſoȝ ich hit ſegge unwurȝ iſ hit me. ichulle *þat* he hit wite wel.

*[Leaf 58, back.] ant tu *eke mid him *þat* ich am iweddet to an *þat* ichulle treowliche to halden ant wiȝ uten leſ luuien. þe iſ unlich him. ⁊ alle worldlich men. ne nullich him nowȝer leauen. ne lihen for weole ne for wunne. for wa. ne for wunne þet ȝe mahen don me. þa feng hire feder te wreȝȝen ſwiȝe ferlich ⁊ ſwiȝe hokerliche freinede. Me hwet iſ he þes were *þat* tu art to iweddet. *þat* tu haueſt wiȝ uten me þine luue ilene[t][1] for hwam þu leteſt lutel of *þat* tu ſchuldeſt luuie*n*. ne ich neuer *þat* ich wite neſ wiȝ him icnawen. For gode q*uo*ȝ þet meiden þin harm iſ þe

[1] A hole in the MS.

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she should not easily desire any joy that she should not possess, provided she would alter her mind. "Nay," quoth the maiden, "should I join myself to him who is given up to all devils, and doomed to eternal death, to perish with him world without end, for the weal of his wedlock or for any joy? Forsooth, I say it, unworthy it is of me. I will that he should know it well, and thou also with him, that I am wedded to one to whom I will truly hold, and without falsehood love, who is unlike him and all worldly men. Nor will I either leave or deny him for wealth or for pleasure, for woe nor for joy that ye can do me." Then began her father to get wroth very strongly, and very mockingly inquired, "But what is this husband to whom thou art wedded, to whom thou hast without me committed thy love, for whom thou carest little for what thou shouldest love? Nor was I ever, that I know, acquainted with him." "Before God," quoth the maiden, "thy harm is the

Juliana declares she is wedded to one whom she will truly love.

Her father mockingly inquires who this husband is.

tede luueliche. ⁊ ſeide hire ſikerliche. *þat* ne ſchulde ha lihtliche wilni na wunne; *þat* ha ne ſchulde wealden. wiȝ *þ*erean *þat* ha walde hire wil wenden. Nai q*uo*ȝ ha *þat* niſ nawt. ſchulde ich do me to him. *þat* alle deoflen iſ bitaht. ⁊ to eche deaȝ fordemet. to forwurȝe wiȝ him worlt buten ende iþe putte of helle: for hiſ wedlackeſ weole oȝer for ei wunne. To ſoȝe ich hit ſegge þe. Vnwurȝ hit iſ me. Ich chulle *þat* he wite hit ful wel. ⁊ tu eke mid al; ich am to an iweddet *þat* ich chulle treowliche wiȝute leaf luuien. *þat* iſ unlich him ⁊ alle worltliche men. ne nulle ich neauer mare him lihen ne lea*uen. for weole ne for wunne. for wa ne for wontreaȝe *þat* ȝe me mahen wurchen. *[Fol. 39b.]

Hire feader feng on to wreaȝȝin ſwiȝe fęrliche ⁊ eaſkede hire hokerliche. Ant hwet iſ he þef were *þat* tu art to iweddet. *þat* tu haueſt wiȝ ute me ſe forȝ þi luue ileuet. *þat* tu leteſt lutel. of al *þat* tu ſchuldeſt luuien. Ne ich neſ neauer *þat* ich wite ȝet. wiȝ him icnawen. for gode q*uo*ȝ þe meiden þin hearm iſ þe

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said to her, "þat surely she should not easily desire any pleasure, þat she should not obtain, provided þat þereby she would alter her resolution." "Nay," quoȝ she, "þat is naught. Should I join myself to him, who is given up to all þe devils and doomed to deaȝ eternal to perish wiþ þem world wiȝout end in þe pit of hell for þe wealȝ of his wedlock, or for any joy? For sooȝ, I say to þe; unworȝy it is of me. I will þat he know it full well, and þou also þerewiȝ; I am espoused to one, whom I will truly wiþout falsehood love, one who is unlike him and all worldly men, nor will I ever more him deny nor desert for wealȝ or for joy, for woe nor for misery þat ye may do me." Juliana refuses to wed a heathen, and declares that she is espoused

Her faþer took to getting wroȝ very strongly, and asked her tauntingly: "And what is þis husband to whom þou art wedded, to whom þou hast wiȝout me so far þy love committed, þat þou carest little for all þou shouldst love. No, I was never, þat I know as yet wiȝ him acquainted." "Before God," quoȝ þe maiden, "þy injury is þe

mare nawt forþi þet tu naueſt ofte iherd of him ȝare. *þat* if ieſu godes ſune. þe forto leſen moncun *þat* forloren ſchulden beon: lette hiſ deorwurðe lif on rode. ne ich ne ſeh him neuer *þat* me ſare forþunceð. ah ichim luuie ant leue aſ on lauerde. ne ſchal me firſin him from: nowðer deouel ne mon. For mi lif quoð hire feder þe ſchal laðin hiſ luue for þu ſchalt beon ibeaten. mid beſmes ſwa bittre *þat* tu wummon were ſchal to wraðer[1] heale iwurðen. Swa muche quoð ha ich iwurðe him þe leouere: So ich derure þing for hiſ luue drehe. *þat* ti wil if: wurch nu. ⁊ he het hatterliche ſtrupen hire ſteortnaket. ⁊ beten hire ſwa luðere *þat* hire leofliche lich: liðeri al oblode. ⁊ ſwa ha duden ſo luðere *þat* te blod ȝet adun of þe ȝerden. ⁊ heo bigon to ȝeien. Beaten ſo ȝe beaten ȝe beliales bu*deleſ. ne mahe ȝe nowðer mi luue ne min bileaue lutlen toward him mi luſſum leof mi leowinde lauerd ne nullich leauen

[1] MS. wraðel.

*[Leaf 59.]

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greater; not because thou hast not often heard of him long ago, that is, Jesus Christ, Son of God, who, to liberate mankind, that must have been lost, gave up his precious life on the cross. I have never seen him, which grieves me sore; but I love him and believe on him as Lord; nor shall any remove me from him, neither devil nor man." "By my life," quoth her father, "thou shalt loathe his love, for thou shalt be beaten with birches so bitterly that it shall turn to sorrow (to thee) that thou woman wert." "So much," quoth she, "shall I become the dearer to him, as I suffer more pain for his sake. What thy will is, work now." And he bade savagely to strip her stark naked, and beat her so villanously that her lovely body should lather all in blood. And so they did, so villanously that the blood gushed down from the rods. And she began to cry out, "Beat as ye will, ye ministers of Belial, ye can lessen neither my love nor my faith towards him, my lovesome dear one, my living Lord; nor will I believe

Her father then threatens her again, but all in vain.

She is stript stark naked, and brutally beaten with rods.

mare. Nawt for þi þat tu naueſt iherd of him ȝare. þat iſ ihesu godeſ ſune. þat forte aleſen moncun þat ſchulde beon forloren al; lette lif o rode. Ich ne ſeh him neauer ⁊ þat me of þuncheð. Ah ich him luuie ⁊ wulle don. ⁊ leue on aſ o lauerd. Ne ſchal me firſen him from. Nowðer deouel ne mon. for mi lif quoð hire feader þe ſchal laðin hiſ luue. for þu ſchalt habbe þrof hearm ⁊ ſcheome baðe ⁊ nu þu ſchalt on alre earſt. aſ on ernesse ſwa beon ibeaten wið bittere beſmen. þat tu were wummon of wummone bosum to wraðerheale eauer iboren iþe worlde.

See oþer Text.

Swa muche quoð þat meiden ich beo him þe leouere. ſe ich derfre þing for hiſ luue drehe. [1wurch] þu þat ti wil iſ. ȝe quoð he bliðeliche. ant swiðe heatterliche. ſtrupen hire ſteort naket. ⁊ leggeð ſe luðer*liche on hire leofliche lich: [þat] hit liðeri o blode. Me nom hire ⁊ dude ſwa þat hit ȝeat adun of þe ȝerden. ant heo bigon to ȝeien. Beaten ſe ȝe beaten ȝe belialeſ budeleſ. ne mahe ȝe nowðer mi luue ne mi bileaue lutlin towart te liuiende godd mi leofsume leofmon. þe luuewurðe lauerd. ne

[1] A word is erased in the Bodl. MS.
*[Fol. 41 wrongly numbered, or Fol. 40 is wanting.]
⁊ MS.

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greater. Not, for all þat, þat þou hast not heard of him long since: þat is Jesu, Son of God, who to redeem mankind, which must oþerwise have all been lost, gave up life on þe cross. I have never seen him and þat displeases me; but I love him and will so do; and believe on him as on þe lord. Nor shall any remove me from him, neiþer devil nor man." "By my life," quoð her faþer, "þou shalt loaþe his love, for þou shalt have of it harm and shame boð, and now þou shalt first of all, by way of earnest, be so beaten wið bitter birches þat þou [shalt lament] þou wert ever born into þe world, woman of womans bosom.

to Jesus, the Son of God.

"So much," quoð þe maiden, "I shall be to him þe dearer, as for his love I suffer more pain; do þy will on me." "Yea," quoð he gaily and very savagely, "Strip her stark naked, and lay on so hard on her lovely body þat it laðer in blood." She was taken and so treated þat þe blood ran down off þe rods, and she began to cry out, "Beat ye as ye will, ye ministers of Belial, ye can diminish neiþer my love nor my belief toward þe loving God, my lovely leman, þe loveworþy Lord; nor

Juliana is beaten with rods.

ower read *þat* forreadeð ow ſeoluen. ne ower mix mawmex[1] *þat* beoð þeſ feondeſ fetleſ heien ne herien. for teone ne for tintreow *þat* ȝe mahen timbrin. Na quoð he iſ hit ſwa hit ſchal[2] ſutelin ſone. for ichulle biteachen miſlich þi bodi to elewſium þe riche reue irome ant he ſchal forſwelten ant forreden þe efter eſ wille wið alleſ cunneſ pinen. ȝe quoð þiſ meiden *þat* mei crist welden. for ne mahe ȝe nawt don me bute hwet he wule þeauien ow to muchelin mi mede ⁊ te murðe *þat* lið to meiðhadeſ menſke for euer ſo ȝe mare merrið me her: ſo mi crune bið brihtre ⁊ fehere. for ichulle bliðeliche drehen euereuch derf for mi deore lauerdes luue. ant ſofte me bið euch derf hwen ich him ſerui þah þu me to elewſium willes biteache: ne ȝeue ich for inc nowðer. *þat* ȝe me mahen harmen. for ſo ȝe mare me her harmeð. ſo mare ȝe me helpeð ſeoueuald to heouene. ⁊ ȝef ȝe me doð to deaðe

[1] So in MS.

[2] ſalch MS.

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in your counsel, which betrays yourselves, nor extol and praise your dung idols, which are receptacles of the fiend, for harm nor for torture that ye can contrive." "No," quoth he, "is it so? It shall soon appear, for I will deliver thy body to Eleusius, the rich reeve in Rome; and he shall (cause thee to) perish, and bewray thee after his will with torments of every kind." "Yea," quoth this maiden, "that may Christ rule; for ye can do naught to me but what he will permit you, to enlarge my reward, and the joy that belongs to maidenhoods honour; for ever the more ye mar me here, the brighter and fairer shall be my crown. For I will blithely endure every hardship for my dear Lords love, and soft shall be to me each hardship, since I serve him, though thou willingly deliver me to Eleusius. Neither care I for you both—that ye can harm me; for the more ye harm me here, the more sevenfold ye help me to heaven. And if ye do me to death,

Her father threatens to give her up to Eleusius; but she sets his threats at naught,

saying, she will gladly suffer every hardship for her dear Lords love.

nulle ich leuen ower read þe forreadeð ow ſcolf. ne þe mix maumez þe beoð þeſ feondeſ fetleſ; heien ne herien. for teone ne for tintreohe *þat* ȝe me mahe timbrin. Na nult tu q*uo*ð affrican. hit ſchal ſone ſutelin. for ich chulle ſende þe nu ⁊ biteache þi bodi to eleuſiu*m* þe riche *þat* reue iſ ou*er* rome. ant he ſchal þe forreaden. ⁊ makie to forſwelten. aſ hiſ ahne wil iſ þurh al þet eauer ſar is.

Ȝe q*uo*ð þiſ meiden *þat* mei godd welden. ne mahe ȝe nawt do me bute þet he wule þeauien ⁊ þolien ow to donne to mucli mi mede ⁊ te murhðe *þat* lið to meiðhadeſ menſke. for eauer ſe ȝe nu her mearreð me mare: ſe mi crune ſchal beon brihttre ba ⁊ fehere. for þi ich chulle bliðeliche ⁊ wið bliðe heorte drehen eauer euch derf. for mi leofmoneſ luue þe luſſume lau*er*d ⁊ ſofte me bið euch ſar in hiſ ſeruiſe. þu wult þu ſeiſt aȝeoue me to eleuſium þe luðere. a ȝef *me for nawiht ne ȝeoue ich *[Fol. 41b.]
for inc nowðer. þet ȝe mahen ane pine me here. Ah hit ne hearmeð me nawt ah helpeð ⁊ heueð up ⁊ makeð

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will I believe in your counsel, which betrays yourselves, nor extol nor glorify your dunghill mammets, which are homes of þe fiend, for harm nor for torture, þat ye can contrive." "No, wilt þou not," quoð Affricanus, "it shall soon appear; for I will send þe now and grant þy body to Eleusius, þe powerful, þat is prefect over Rome, and he shall bewray þee and make þee to perish, þrough all þat is painful, according as his will is."

"Yea," quoð þis maiden, "þat God can rule; nor are ye able to do aught to me, except he will to permit and endure þat you should so do to enlarge my reward, and þe joy þat belonged to þe grace of maidenhood: for in whatsoever measure ye mar me þe more in þat same shall my crown be boð brighter and fairer. þerefore I shall bliðely and wiþ gay heart sustain every hurt for my lemmans love, þe lovely Lord, and soft to me is every sore in His service. þou wilt, þou saist, give me to Eleusius þe odious; Give me to him, for naught care I for eiþer of you, þat ye are able only to pain me here: but it harmeð me not, but raiseð me up and makeð

She defies her torturers.

hit biȝ me deorewurȝe ant ich ſchal þer *þurh* bliȝe bicumen into endeleſe bliſſen ant ȝe ſchulen wrecches áwei ower wurȝes *þat* ȝe iboren weren ſinken to wraȝer heale ow to þe bale bitter deope into helle. Hire feder affrican *þurh* þiſ bittre teone bitahte hire to elewſium þe luȝere
*[Leaf 59, back.] *reue. ant he lette bringen hire biuoren him to hiſ heh ſeotel aſ he ſet in dome aſ reue of þe burhe aſ he biheold ant iſeh hire leofliche leor lilies iliche ⁊ rudi aſ þe roſe ⁊ hire leofliche ſchape: He ſikede aſ þing *þat* ſare were iwundet hiſ mod ſeng to heaten ant hiſ meari to melten ant wiȝinnen bernde of þe heate of hire luue ſwa *þat* him þuhte *þat* he ne bede na mare bliſſe in þiſſe liue bute hire bodi ane to wurchen hiſ wille ant feng on toward hire ſweteliche to ſeggen. Mi lif ant mi leouemon. mi lefdi ȝef þu wel wult biþench *þat* in rome richeſt am

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it shall be precious to me, and I shall thereby blithely enter into endless bliss, and ye wretches shall—alas! your fates that ye were (ever) born—sink to your misery, to the bitter bale, deep into hell." Her father, Africanus, through this bitter vexation, handed her over to Eleusius, the wicked reeve. And he caused her to be brought before him to his high seat, as he sat in judgment, as reeve of the city. When he beheld and saw her lovely complexion, like a lily and ruddy as the rose, and her lovely shape, he sighed as a thing that was sorely wounded. His mind began to heat and his marrow to melt; and he burned within with the heat of her love, so that it seemed to him that he could ask no greater bliss in this life, except her body only, to work his will. And he began toward her, sweetly to say, "My life and my leman, my lady, if thou wilt, consider that I am richest in Rome,

Juliana is given up to Eleusius, and brought before his judgment seat. As he looks upon her, his passions are roused,

and he tries to move her by fair words.

mine murhðeſ monifalde in heouene. ant ȝef ȝe doð me to deaðe. hit bið deore to godd. ⁊ ich ſchal bliðe bicumen to endeleſe bliſſen. ant ȝe ſchulen wrecchef wei ower wurðeſ. *þat* ȝe weren i þe worlt iboren ⁊ i broht forð se wraðer heale ȝe ſchule ſinken adun to ſar ⁊ to eche ſorhe. to bitterneſſe ant to bale deope into helle.

[A]ffrican hire feader bitterliche iteonet bitahte hire eleuſium þe luðere reue of rome ⁊ lette bringen hire biuoren hiſ ehſihðe. aſ he ſet ⁊ demde. þe hehe burh domeſ. Aſ he biſeh ⁊ þiheold hire luffume leor lilief ilicneſſe ⁊ rudi aſe roſe. ⁊ under hire nebſcheft al ſe freoliche iſchapet; weorp a ſic aſ a wiht *þat* ſare were iwundet. Hiſ heorte feng to heaten ⁊ hiſ meari mealten þe rawen rahten of luue þurh euch lið. of hiſ limeſ. ⁊ inwiðe bearnde of brune ſwa ⁊ cwakede aſ of calde. þet him þuhte in heſ þonc. þet ne bede he iþe worlt naneſ cunneſ bliſſe. bute hire bodi ane. to wealden hire wiðe wil efter *þat* he walde. ⁊ bigon wiðe ſwotneſſe ſoffte to ſeggen.

[M]i lif ⁊ mi leofmon. ⁊ leafdi ȝef þu wel wult aſe

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my joys manifold in heaven, and if ye do me to deaðe, þat my deaðe is precious before God, and I shall in joy reach endless bliss; and ye shall, ye wretches, weep your fates þat ye should be born into þe world and brought forð to misery; ye shall sink down to woe and to eternal sorrow, to bitterness and to bale deep into hell."

Affricanus her faþer, bitterly vexed, gave her up to Eleusius, þe vile prefect of Rome, and had her brought before his presence, as he sat and gave judgments in þe high city court. When he viewed and beheld her lovely complexion, in likeness of a lily and ruddy as þe rose, and all below her visage, so ladylike shapen, he drew a sigh, as a wight þat was sorely wounded. His heart began to heat and his marrow to melt, þe fine ðreads of love reached þrough every joint of his limbs, and he burned wiþin wiþ heat so, and quaked as if wiþ cold, so þat it seemed to him in his ðought, þat he could pray in þe world for bliss of nó sort, except only her body, to deal wiþ her wiþ his will according as he pleased, and he began wiþ sweetness softly to say.

Her father gives her up to Eleusius.

Symptoms of the malady, love, in Eleusius.

"My life and my leman and lady, if it please þee,

The lover suasive.

ant iboren heheſt hwi deſtu uſ ba ſo wa: *þurh* þi muchele unwit ⁊ wurchest ſo wraðe nulli þe na mare uuel þen þi ſeolf waldeſt ah leof me were *þat* tu þi luðere þonc lefdeſt. ⁊ te wel ſchulde wið alle wunne iwurðen. ⁊ neauer of þi wil ne ſchal þe nawt wontin. ant loke alſwa þe lahen aſ al *þat* cun *þat* tu art of icumen. ⁊ akennet of: leueð ant luuieð hwi leaueſtu ham þe ane. ⁊ wurðeð þe ſo laðe. ne wen þu nawt þe ane wið þi wiſdom to ouerſtihen ham alle.

LEt quoð ha elewſi ant ſtew ſwucche wordeſ for ne beoð ha riht nohteſ. for ȝef þu cneowe ant were cuð wið þe king *þat* if ouer alle kingeſ icruñet in heouene lutel waldeſtu leoten of ower laheleſe lahen þet learеð ow to luten dedliche ſchaften aſ ȝe ſchulden to[1] *godd ant gremieð ower ſchuppent for þe ewike deoulen doð ham þrin on hwet ȝe bileueð ant hwen ſo ȝe herieð ham: ȝe herieð þen unhwiht ant buheð aſ to healent ant he wule ower hwile bitterliche ȝelden. For ne wergeð he neauer to wurchen ow al *þat* wandreðe world á buten

[1] MS. repeats 'ſchulden to.'

*[Leaf 60.]

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and highest born; why dost thou cause us both such woe through thy great folly, and workest so fiercely? I will thee no more evil than thou wouldest thyself, but it would be agreeable to me that thou leftest thy evil mind, and it should become well with thee with all joy, and naught of thy will shall ever be wanting to thee. And regard also the customs which all the race that thou art come and begotten of, believe and love. Why dost thou alone leave them? Why become they so loathsome to thee? Suppose not that thou alone with thy wisdom surpassest them all."

"I wish thee no more evil than thou wishest' thyself."

"Leave," quoth she, "Eleusius, and stop such words; for they are worth right naught. For if thou knewest and wert acquainted with the king who is above all kings, crowned in heaven, little wouldest thou esteem your lawless laws which teach you to bow before mortal (*or* lifeless) creatures, as ye should do to God, and anger your Creator, for the living devils get into (the idols) on which ye believe; and whenever ye praise them, ye praise the Evil Being, and bow as to a saviour, and he will bitterly repay your time. For he will never weary of working you all misery world without

"If thou knewest the King of kings," said she, "thou wouldst not bow before lifeless creatures."

[*A leaf*, 42, *is here wanting.*]

ende. Do þat tu don wult for nullich þe nan oðer don bute ȝef þu liðe ant leue min lare ant luuie godd al mihti ant leaue alle þe lahen þat tu liſt inne.

ME leof quoð elewſiuſ ȝef me ſwa biluuede hit were ſone iſeid þe keiſer ant ikudd to þe kinge. ⁊ he me walde warpen ut of mine wike ant demen me to deaðe. ant heo him onſwerede. ȝef þu dredeſt ſo muchel an dedlich mon þe liueð al aȝein law ant leueð al hiſ luue in liſleſe ſchaften: on hiſ ſchuppent ſcheome. ⁊ art offruht ſwa to leoſen hiſ freontschipe. ſchuldich þenne forſaken ihesu criſt godes ſune þe iſ ort ant ende of al. þat euer god iſ. þe wule hefter þiſ liſ. þat ich lete lutel of. for hiſ luſſum luue leue wið him ſeolf þe ſy ant þe ſelhðe of heouenriches wunnen. ſpeche þu maht ſpillen ant ne ſpeden nawiht þah þu me buſte ant beate aſ þat iſ bitaht te. ⁊ to derue pine don me ant te dreori deð. ne schaltu þah þu famon flea

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end. Do that which thou meanest to do, for I will do no other for thee, unless thou listen and believe my lore, and love God Almighty, and leave all the customs that thou liest in."

"If thou dreadest a mortal man, and fearest to lose his friendship, should I forsake Jesus Christ, the beginning and end of all good?"

"My dear," quoth Eleusius, "if I were pleased to do so, it would soon be told to the emperor, and made known to the king, and he would cast me out of my office and doom me to death." And she answered him, "If thou dreadest so much a mortal man, who lives quite against law, and bestows all his love upon lifeless creatures to the dishonour of his Creator, and art so affrighted to lose his friendship, should I then forsake Jesus Christ, Gods Son, who is beginning and end of all that ever is good, who will, after this life which I value little for his lovesome love, [that I] live with himself [in] the victory and the happiness of heaven-kingdoms joys? Speech thou mayest spill (waste), and speed not, though thou bruise me and beat as it is given thee (to do), and put me to severe pain and to dreary death; thou shalt not, though thou, foeman, flay

[*A leaf*, 42, *is here wanting.*]

*[Leaf 60, back.] me: ne ſchaltu ſeon *me þe ſonre ſlakien to leuen ant te
luuien godd alre gume lauerd. þe reue rudnede ant ogrome
grede. ſtrupeð hire ſteort naket. ⁊ ſtrecheð hire on þe
eorðe ant ſix men beateð hire hwil ha mahten drehen.
þat ha al weſ bigan mite blode ⁊ hwil ha hire beoten ha
bigon*ne* to ȝeien: þiſ iſ þe biginnunge of þe ſar ant te
ſcheome *þat* tu ſchalt drehen: bute þu to vſ beie. ȝet tu
maht ȝef þu wult burhen þe seoluen. ant ȝef þu mare
wiðſeiſt: wa wurðe him wurſt *þat* te meſt ſparie. won-
dreðe to donne. Doð quoð ha deaðeſ ſuneſ al *þat* te
deouel hwaſ driueleſ ȝe beoð driueð ow to donne. lutel
iſ me of ower luue. laſſe of ower wraðe *þat* wite ȝe to
wiſſe. Nu cweðen heo wa him þenne þe ne wurche
þe meſt wa. þer wes ſorhe te ſeon hire leoſlich lich

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me, thou shalt not see me the sooner slacken to believe and to love God, the Lord of all men." The reeve reddened, and in anger cried, "Strip her stark naked, and stretch her on the earth, and six men beat her whilst they may hold out," so that she was all run over with the blood. And whilst they beat her they began to cry out, "This is the beginning of the pain and the shame that thou shalt suffer, unless thou bend to us. Yet thou mayest, if thou wilt, save thyself; and if thou longer refusest, woe be to him worst that most spareth to work thee misery." "Do," quoth she, "(ye) sons of death, all that the devil, whose drudges ye are, driveth you to do; little care I for your love, less for your wrath, know ye that for certain." "Now," said they, "woe to him, then, who works thee not the greatest woe." There was sorrow to see her lovely body

Juliana is stript naked, and beaten by six men till she is covered with blood.

Yet she tells her tormentors that she cares not for them,

*tu for na schahlt þe sonre seo me ſlakien to luuien ant to leuen oþen liuiende godd alre gume lauerd. *[Fol. 43.]

[Þ]e reue feng to rudnin igrome of great heorte. ⁊ het hiſ heaðene men ſtrupin hire ſteort naket. ⁊ ſtrecchen oþer eorðe. ⁊ hwil þat eauer ſix men mahten idrehen beaten hire beare bodi; þat ha al were bigoten of þe blode. Ha duden al aſ he bed. ⁊ hwil þat ha beoten hire; bigunnen to ȝeien. Þiſ iſ a biginnunge of þe ſar þat tu ſchalt; ⁊ of þe ſcheome drehen: ȝef þu nult to ure wil buhen ⁊ beien. Ah ȝet þu maht ȝef þu wult burhe þe ſeolfen. ant ȝef þu mare wiðſeiſt; alre monne wurðe him wurſt of wa ⁊ of wontreaðe þe ne wurche þe meaſt.

[D]oð quoð ha deofleſ limen al þat te deoflen hwaſ driueleſ ȝe beoð drieuð ow to donne. lutel me iſ of ower luue. leaſſe of ower laððe. ⁊ of þeſ þreateſ riht noht; wite ȝe hit to wiſſe. Nu cweden ha. wa him þe ne fondi to dei for tè wurche þe wurſt. Þer weſ ſorhe to ſeon on hire freoliche fleſch hu ha ferden þer wið. Ah heo

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þou shalt not any quicker make me slow to believe in and love God, Lord of all men."

Þe prefect began to redden in great anger of heart, and bade his heaþen men strip her stark naked, and stretch her on þe earð, and as long as six men could hold out, beat her bare body, so þat she should be all suffused wiþ þe blood. Þey did just as he bade, and while þey beat her þey began to cry, "Þis is a beginning of þe soreness and shame þat þou shalt endure, if þou wilt not bow and bend to our will. But yet þou mayst, if þou wilt, protect þyself; and if þou longer refuse, let worst of all men befall to him of wo and misery, who works not most of þat to þee." She is beaten again.

"Do," quoð she, "ye limbs of þe devil, all þat þe devil, whose drudges ye be, driveð you to do, little care I for your love, less for your hate, and for þese ðreats just noþing, know ye þat for a surety." "Now," said þey, "wo to him þat tries not to spend his life in working her worst mischief." It was þeir a sorrow to see how þey dealt wiþ her ladylike flesh. But she She defies her persecutors still.

faren ſo reowliche wiȝ. ⁊ þuldeliche heo hit þolede for þe luue of drihtin ant hwen ha meſt ſar hefde ſikerlukeſt ha ȝeide. halden on longe ne leaue ȝe neuer. for nullich leauen þiſ luue for luue. ne for eie.

Þe reue þa he herde þiſ het hire hon up ant hongin biþe toppe. ant ſwa me dude ſone. ⁊ leiden ſwa luȝerliche on hire on euch half. *þat* euch dunt defde into hire liche *þat* ha al biȝet on gure blode. Lauerd godd almihti quoȝ heo þa. loke to þi meiden. þu fondedeſt abraham ant fundeſt him treowe þu lef me *þat* ich mote þe treowliche luuien. hald me min healent aſ þu haueſt bigunnen. for nabich na mahte bute *of þi ſtrencȝe. ant on þe itruſte nawt ome ſeoluen ant ſwuch hope ich habbe to þin help healent *þat* her ich habbe bihaten þe *þat* ne ſchal neauer mi luue ne min bileaue lutlin for na derf ne for nan wondreȝe. ne for dute of deaȝe þah ich hit ſchulde

*[Leaf 61.]

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dealt with so ruefully. And patiently she suffered it for the love of the Lord, and when she had greatest pain, she cried out most confidently, "Hold on long, nor ever leave off, for I will not leave this love, for love nor for awe."

and that she will never give up her love for the Lord.

They hang her up by her hair, and beat her again.

The reeve, when he heard this, bade hang her up and suspend by the hair of the head; and so was soon done, and they laid upon her so villanously on each side, that each blow sank into her body, so that she altogether ran with gory blood. "Lord God Almighty," quoth she then, "look to thy maiden. Thou triedest Abraham, and foundest him true; grant me that I may truly love thee. Hold me, my Saviour, as thou hast begun; for I have no might but of thy strength; and in thee I trust, not in myself. And such hope I have for thy help, Saviour, that here I have promised thee that my love and my belief shall never lessen, for no hardship, nor for any misery, nor for fear of death, though I should

She prays to God for strength.

hit al þuldeliche þolede for drihtin. ⁊ hwen ha felde meaſt ſar; ſikerlukeſt ſeide. Halde᷎ longe *ne leaue ȝe neau*er*. for nulle ich leauen hiſ luue. *þat* ich on leue. ne for luue. now᷎er ne for lu᷎er eie. *[Fol. 43*b*.]

[E]leuſiuſ iherde þiſ. ⁊ feng hiſ neb to rudnin ant tendrin ut of teone. ⁊ hehte swi᷎e neomen hire ⁊ teon bi̇þe top up; ⁊ ſwa me dude ſone. ſwa *þat* ha hongede feor from þer eor᷎e. bi þe uaxane. ⁊ leiden þa ſe lu᷎erliche on hire on euch halue; *þat* euch dunt defde in hire leofliche lich þe ȝet of þe ȝerden al o gure blode. lau*er*d godd almihti quo᷎ ha loke to þi meiden. þu fondedeſt abraham. ⁊ fundeſt him treowe. lef me *þat* ich mote. þe treowliche luuien. Halt me healent min ih*es*u cr*iſt* godeſ ſune aſ þu haueſt bigunnen. for nam ich ſtrong of na þing buten of þi ſtreng᷎e. ⁊ o þe itruſte al; ⁊ nawt o me ſeoluen. ant her ich bihate þe. ſwuch hope ich habbe to þin help. milde godd al mihti. ne ſchal neau*er* mi luue. ne mi bileaue towart te lutlin ne lihen. for na derf ne for na dea᷎; *þat* ich ſchule drehen.

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bore it all patiently for þe Lord, and when she felt most soreness she confidently said, "Hold on long, nor ever leave off, for I will not leave his love, on whom I believe, neiþer for love nor for fear."

Eleusius heard þis, and began to be red in face, and to burn out of vexation, and gave orders quickly to take her and draw her up by þe hair of þe head, and so was soon done, so þat she hung far from þe ear᷎ by þe hair, and þey laid upon her so villanously on each side þat every blow dinted into her lovely body, which ran off þe rods all in gory blood. "Lord God Almighty," quo᷎ she, "look on þy maiden. Þou temptedst Abraham and foundst him true; grant me þat I may be able truly to love þee. Hold me, Saviour mine, Jesu Christ, Son of God, as þou hast begun; for I am not strong of any ᷎ing but of þy streng᷎, and I trust altogeþer in þee and not at all in myself, and here I promise þee, such hope I have for þine help, mild God Almighty, never shall my love, nor my belief towards þee lessen nor prove false, for any harm nor for any dea᷎ þat I shall endure."

She is suspended by the hair of the head.

She prays.

drehen. þa elewſiuſ iſeh þiſ *þat* ha þuſ feng on to feſtnen hire ſeoluen þohte *þat* he walde anan don hire ut of dahene ⁊ bed ſwiðe bringen hire brune of wallinde breaſ ant healden on hire heauet *þat* hit urne endelong hire leofliche bodi dun to þe helen ant ſwa me dude ſone. ah hire hende healent wiſte hire unweommet. elewſiuſ warð wod ut of hiſ witte. ant nuſte hwet ſeggen ⁊ het ſwiðe don hire ut of hiſ ehſihðe. ⁊ dreihen hire into darc huſ ⁊ þriſuneſ pine. ant he duden sone. Heo aſ ha þrinne weſ in þeoſterneſſe hire ane feng te cleopien to criſt ant bidden þeoſ bone.

LAuerd godd al mihti. mi murhðe ant mi mede mi ſy ant mi ſelhðe þu iſiſt hu ich am biſtaðet ant biſtonden feſtne mi bileaue ſteor me ant ſtreng me. for

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suffer it." When Eleusius saw this, that she thus began to

Eleusius, wishing to take her life, has boiling brass poured over her; but it does not harm her.

establish herself, he thought that he would anon do her out of days (*i.e.* put her to death), and bade quickly bring to her burning of boiling brass, and pour it upon her head so that it might run along her lovely body down to the heels, and so it was soon done; but her courteous Saviour kept her unblemished. Eleusius became raging, out of his wits, and knew not what to say, and bade her quickly to be put out of his eyesight, and dragged into a dark house and prisons pain; and they did (so) soon. She, when she was therein in darkness by herself, began to call upon Christ, and to pray this prayer:—

Then he bids them drag her into a dark prison.

She prays:— "Lord, strengthen me, for

"Lord God Almighty, my joy and my meed, my victory and my happiness, thou seest how I am bestead and bestood; confirm my belief, steer me and strengthen me, for

[Þ]a eleuſius ſeh *þat* ha *þus* feng on to feſtnin hire ſeoluen iſoðe bileaue; þohte he walde don hire anan ut of dahene: ⁊ bed biliue bringen forð brune wallinde breſ. ⁊ healden hit ſe wal *hat hehe up on hire heaued. *þat* hit urne enddelong hire leofliche lich adun to hire healen. Me dude al aſ he het. Ah þe worldeſ wealdent *þat* wiſte ſein iuhan hiſ ewanigeliſte unhurt iþe ueat of wallinde eoli þer he weſ idon in. *þat* aſe hal com up þrof; aſ he weſ hal meiden. þe ilke liueſ lau*er*d. wiſte him unwemmet. hiſ brud of þe breſ *þat* weſ wallinde. ſwa *þat* ne þuhte hit hire buten aſe wlech weater al *þat* ha felde. Eleuſiuſ wod þa nuſte hwet ſegen. Ah hehte swiðe don hire ut of hiſ ehſihðe. ⁊ dreaien in to dorc huſ to priſuneſ pine ant swa ha weſ idon ſone.

*[Fol.45, wrongly numbered.]

[H]eo aſ ha þrinne weſ i þeoſterneſſe hire ane. feng to cleopien to cr*i*ſt ⁊ bidde þeoſ bone. lau*er*d godd almihti mi murhðe ⁊ mi mede. mi ſy ⁊ al þe ſelhðe. *þat* ich efter ſeche þu ſiſt al hu ich am biſteaðet ⁊ biſtonden. feſtne mi bileaue. Riht me ⁊ read me.

When Eleusius saw þat þus he was proceeding to establish her in þe true faið, he ðought he would put her anon out of light of day, and bade forðwiþ bring forð fiery glowing brass, and *hold so glowing hot high up on* her head *þat it should run along her lovely body down* to her heels. Men did as he ordered. *But þe Ruler of* þe world, who saved Saint John his evangelist unhurt in þe vessel of boiling oil in which he was put, who came up out of it as sound as he was a perfect maiden man, þe same Lord of Life, saved for himself unpolluted his bride from þe brass þat was glowing, so þat all þat she felt seemed to her but as lukewarm water. Eleusius þen madly knew not what to say, but ordered her hastily to be removed from his presence and dragged to a dark house, to prisons pain: and so was soon done.

Boiling brass is poured on her.

(Tertullian de Prescript. Hæret. xxxvi.)

She is sent to prison.

She, when she was therein in darkness by herself, began to cry to Christ and pray þis prayer, "Lord God Almighty, my joy and my reward, my triumph and all þe happiness þat ever I seek, þou seest how I am bestead and bestood; confirm my faið; direct me and counsel me,

She prays.

al mi ſtrencðe is uppon þe. mi feder. ⁊ mi moder for ich
• nulle forſaken þe: habbeð forſaken me ⁊ al mi neſt falde
cun me heaneð þet ſchulden mine freond beon: beoð me
meſt feondes ant mine hinen me beoð meſt heanen ah
habbich þin aneſ help ich am wil cwemė ne leaf þu me
neuer liuiende lauerd as þu wiſteſt daniel bimong þe wode
*[Leaf 61, back.] leunſ ant te þreo chil*dren ananie zacharie miſael inempnet.
biwiſteſt unweo*mm*et from þe ferliche fur of þe furneiſe
ſwa þu wite ant witen me to witen me from ſunne. lauerd
þurh þiſ leaſe lif: lead me to leſtinde to þe hauene of
heale aſ þu leddeſt iſraeleſ folc þurh þe reade ſea buten
ſchip druifot ant hare fan ſenchteſt *þat* ham efter ſohten
afal þu mine famen ant to drif drihtin þen deouel *þat*
me derueð. for ne mei na mon wið uten þi ſtrencðe
ſtonden him aȝeines lef me *þat* ich mote iſeon him ȝet

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all my strength is in thee.

all my strength is in thee. My father and my mother, because I will not forsake thee, have forsaken me, and all my nearest kindred afflict me; (they) who should be my friends are my greatest enemies, and my hinds are my greatest afflictions. But if I have the help of thee alone, I am content; never leave me, living Lord. As thou protectedst Daniel among the raging lions, and guardedst unhurt the three children, named Ananias, Zacharias, Misael, from the fearful fire of the furnace, so protect and preserve me to shield me from sin. Lord, through this false life, lead me to the lasting (life), to the haven of salvation, as thou leddest the people of Israel through the Red Sea, without ship, dryfoot, and sunkest their foes that pursued them; fell thou my foemen and drive off, Lord, the devil who afflicts me, for no man without thy strength can stand against him. Grant me that I may yet see him

As thou didst protect Daniel among the raging lions, and the three children in the fiery furnace, so preserve me; lead me to the haven of salvation, even as thou leddest Israel dryfoot through the Red Sea.

for al mi truſt if on þe. Steor me ⁊ ſtreng me for al mi ſtrengðe if of þe. mi feader ⁊ mi moder for þi *þat* ich nule þe forſaken ; habbe forſake me. ⁊ al mi neſtfalde cun. *þat* ſchulde beo me beſt freond ; beoð me meaſt feondeſ. ⁊ mine inhinen ; alre meaſt hea[r]men. herewurðe healent. habbe *ich þin aneſ help. ich am wil- *[Fol. 45b.]
cweme ne forleaf þu me nawt luuiende lau*er*d. aſ þu biwiſteſt daniel bimong þe wode liunſ ilatet ſe luðere. ⁊ te þreo children þe chearre nalden from þe lahen *þat* ha ſchulden luuien. Ananie ⁊ Aȝarie ⁊ Miſahel inempnet. Al þu al wealdent biwiſteſt ha*m* unwemmet. wid *þat* ferliche fur i þe furneiſe. ſwa þu wunne of þe worlt wite me ⁊ were ⁊ wit*er*e. ⁊ wiſſe þurh þi wiſdom to wite me wið ſunne. lau*er*d liueſ lattow. lead me þurh þiſ leaſe. þis lutle leaſtinde lif ; to þe hauene of heale. Aſ þu leaddeſt if*r*a*e*leſ leode of egipte bute ſchip dru fot þurh þe r̥eade ſea. ⁊ aſenchteſt hare uan þe ferden ham efter. ⁊ tu folkeſ feader. aual mine vamen. ⁊ tu drihtin to drif þe deoucl *þat* me deruð. for ne mei na monneſ ſtrengðe

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for all my trust is in þee. Rule me and strengðen me for all my strengð is from þee. My faþer and my moþer, because I will not forsake þee, have forsaken me, and all my nearest kindred, þat should be best frieñds to me, are my greatest foes, and my indoor hinds are of all my greatest afflictions. Glory, worðy Saviour! I have þine only help: I am content, abandon me not, Loving Lord! as þou protectedst Daniel among þe mad lions abandoned so vilely, and þe ðree children named Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, who would not turn from þe laws þat þey ought to love. All þem, þou Allruler, þou protectedst unstained against þat frightful fire in þe furnace; so, þou Joy of þe world, protect and defend and preserve and save me wiþ þy wisdom to save me from sin. O Lord, Guide of life, lead me þrough þis false, þis shortlasting life, to þe haven of salvation ; as þou leddest Israels people out of Egypts land wiþout ship, dryfoot, þrough þe Red Sea, and sunkest þeir foes, which marched after þem; and do þou, Faþer of people, swallow up my foemen, and do þou, Lord, drive off þe devil þat harms me, for no mans strengð

ſchent: *þat* wene*ð* me to ſchrenchen ant ſchunchen of þe weie: *þat* leade*ð* to eche lif. wite me from hiſ la*ð* ant wi*ð* hiſ crefti crokes. wite me wi*ð* mine unwines *þat* tu beo euer iheret ant iheiet in heouene ant in eor*ðe* beo þu áá ibleſcet aſ þu were ant art. ant euer ſchalt beon in eche bliſſe. amen.

Þa ha hefde ibeden þuſ. com a kempe of helle in englene heowe ant feng on to motin wi*ð* þiſ edie meiden. Iuliane þe edie mi leof. þu haueſt for mi luue muchel idrohen ant idrehen ant haueſt for mi luue. feorliche fan *þat* te wi*ð* fehte*ð* *þat* ogrome greie*ð* þe alles cuneſ pinen. ne mei ich hit þolien *þat* ha þuſ merren þe na mare þu haueſt inoh min freontſchipe of-ſeruet. me areowe*ð* þi read ah hercne me nu*ðen*. wurch elewſiuſes wil. for ich ȝeue þe leue.

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confounded who thinks to make me shrink and step from the way that leads to eternal life. Protect me from his hatred and his crafty devices, guard me against my enemies, that thou mayst ever be praised and extolled, in heaven and in earth. Be thou ay blessed, as thou wert, and art, and ever shalt be in eternal bliss. Amen."

Preserve me from mine enemies, that thou mayest be ever praised, in heaven and earth."

A devil in angel-form comes to her, and tells her she has suffered enough, and that she may work the will of Eleusius.

When she had prayed thus, there came a warrior of hell in form of angels, and began to discourse with this blessed maiden. "Juliana the blessed, my dear, thou hast borne and suffered much for my love, and hast for my love strange foes that fight against thee, that in anger prepare for thee pains of every kind. I cannot endure it, that they mar thee thus any more; thou hast sufficiently merited my friendship; I rue thy purpose; but hearken to me now. Work Eleusiuses will, for I give thee leave."

wiðuten þin ſtonden him to ȝeineſ. lef[1] me *þat* ich mote mihti mȩinfule godd iſeon him iſcheomet ȝet þe wene ðme to ſchrenchen. ⁊ ſchunchen of þe nearowe wei *þat* leade ð to eche lif. loke me from hiſ la ð liuiende lau*er* ð. Make me war ⁊ wite me wi ð hiſ crefti croke ſ. *þat* ha me ne crechen. were me ſwa wi ð þen vnwiue. helpleſeſ heale. *þat* tu beo iheiet ⁊ iheret eaure in eor ðe. aſ in heouene. *Beo þu aa ibleſcet lau*er*d aſ þu were ant art ⁊ ſchalt beon in eche.

[1] MS. lcf.

*[Fol. 47, misnumbered, should be 46.]

As ha þeoſ bone hefde ibeden; com akempe of helle on englene heowe. ⁊ feng on to motin *þus* wi ð hiſ meiden. Juliene mi leofmon þu haueſt for mi luue muchel idrohen ⁊ idrahen þu haueſt feorliche ſan *þat* te ſehte ð a ȝein. ha grei ði ð þe o grome nu alleſ cunnes pinen. ne mei ich þolien. *þat* ha þuſ mearren þe na mare. þu art inoh ifondet ⁊ tu haueſt mi freondſchipe inoh ſwi ðe offeruet. me areowe ð þi ſar. Ah [hercne] nu ðe mi read. wurch eleuſi*uſ* wil. for ich þe ȝeoue leaue.

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wiþout þine can stand against him: permit me, Mighty, Mainful God, to be able to see him yet ashamed þat expects to make me shrink and step from þe narrow way þat leade ð to eternal life. Protect me from his hate, Loving Lord, make me wary and guard me against his crafty crooks, þat þey may never catch me; so ward me against þe evil one, Safety of þe helpless, þat þou mayst ever be extolled and glorified for ever in ear ð, as in heaven. Be þou ever blessed, Lord, as þou wert, and art, and shalt be, to eternity. Amen."

When she had bidden þis bede, þere came a champion of hell in hue of angels, and began to discuss þus wiþ þis noble maiden. "Juliana, my dear, þou hast suffered and endured much for my love: þou hast strange foes þat fight against þee; þey are preparing now in rage pains of all sorts; I cannot endure it, þat þey should mar þee any more; þou hast been enough tried, and þou hast þoroughly enough observed my friendship. Þi sore I rue. But hearken now to my counsel; and work þe wil of Eleusius, for I give þee leave."

A devil in an angels shape consoles her.

*[Leaf 62.] þiſ meiden weſ awun*dret ſwiðe ant þah feng to freinen þuſ cweðinde. hwet hwiht art tu þat ſwuch word me bringeſt. ich am quoð *þat* unwiht godeſ heh engel. for to ſeggen þe þiſ iſend fro*m* þe heouene. Heo awundrede ſwiðe ant tah aſ þeo þet nes nawt of lihte bileaue on heh wið hire heorte ſtille bute ſtefne þuſ to criſte cleopede

IEſu quoð ha godeſ ſune þu art þi feder wiſdom wiſſe me nuðen hwet me beo to donne ant do me to underſtonden ȝef þiſ iſ þi ſonde *þat* me þiſ ſcið. þa com þer ſofte a ſtefne ſihinde from þe heouene ſihinde ant þuſ cweðinde. Iuliane þe edie ibleſcet beo þe time *þat* tu iboren were. nule nawt þi leouemon þolien na þe leſ þing lihen þe longe. hit iſ þe ſtronge deouel *þat* ſtont ter biforen þe ga neor ant nim him ant bind him hetefeſte godd al mihti ȝeueð þe gode leue ant þe mahte hit forte donne ꝛ tu ſchalt him leaden efter *þat* te likeð ant he ſchal unþonc in his teð cuðen þe *þat* tu wilneſt.

Juliana is greatly astonished.

This maiden was astonished greatly, and notwithstanding began to inquire, thus saying: "What being art thou that bringest me such word?" "I am," quoth the Evil Being, "Gods archangel, sent from heaven to tell thee this." She wondered much, and yet, as one who was not of light belief, on high, with her heart, stilly without voice, thus to Christ called:—

She prays:—"Jesus, make me to know whether this is thy messenger." A voice from heaven answers that it is the devil, and bids Juliana bind him fast.

"Jesu," quoth she, "Son of God, thou art thy fathers wisdom; teach me now what I am to do, and give me to understand if this is thy messenger that says this to me." Then came there softly a voice descending from heaven, descending and thus saying: "Juliana, the blessed, blessed be the time that thou wert born, thy leman will by no means suffer the false thing to lie to thee long. It is the strong devil that stands there before thee. Go nigher and take him and bind him fast. God Almighty gives thee good leave and the might to do it. And thou shalt lead him according as thou pleasest; and he shall, in spite of his teeth, make known to thee what thou desirest."

Þeſ meiden weſ awundret ſwiðe of þeſ wordeſ. ⁊ aſ ha weſ offearet; feng on to freinin. Hwet wiht quoð ha art tu. *þat* þulli word me bringeſt. Ich hit am quoð þe unwiht. godeſ heh engel. forte ſegge þe þis iſent te from heouene. Ha wundrede hire ſwiðe. ⁊ aſ þeo þe neſ nawt of lihte bileaue. ſtille bute ſteauene on heh in hire heorte cleopeđe to criſte.

IHesu quoð ha godeſ ſune *þat* art þi feader wiſdom wiſſe me þi wummon hwet me beo to donne. ⁊ ȝef þi deore wil iſ do me to underſtonden. *þat* þe *þat* þiſ ſeiđ me ȝef he beo þi ſonde. ⁊ com ſihinde adun ſofte[1] from heouene. aſteuene *þat* ſeide. Juliene. þe eadie *ibleſcet beo þe time. *þat* tu ibore were. nule nawt þi leofmon þolie na leas þing ta lihe þe longe. Hit iſ þe ſtronge vnwiht þe ſtont ter of helle. Ga nu neor ⁊ nim him. ⁊ wiđ þe bondeſ *þat* ter beoð bind him heteueſte. Godd al mihti ȝeueð þe mahte for te don hit. ⁊ tu ſchalt leaden him al effter *þat* te likeð. ⁊ he ſchal al telle þe vnþonc in hiſ teð *þat* tu wilneſt to witen. ⁊ kenne þe ⁊ cuðen al *þat* tu eaſkeſt.

[1] MS. ſofte.

*[Fol. 47b.]

þis maiden was much astonished at þese words, and terrified as she was, began to inquire, "What being," quoð she, "art þou þat bringest me such a message?" "I am," quoð þe Evil One, "Gods archangel, sent from heaven to tell þee þis." She wondered much, and as one þat was not of light belief, stilly in her heart wiþout raised voice, called on Christ.

She suspects his words.

"Jesu," quoð she, "Son of God, þat art þy faþers wisdom, instruct me, þy handmaid, what I must do; and if it be þy dear will, cause me to understand, wheþer he be þy messenger þat saiđ this to me." And þere came descending down soft from heaven a voice þat þus said to her, "Juliana, þe saintly, blessed be þe time þat þou born wert; þy leman will not endure, þat any false ðing deceive þee any longer. It is þe strong Evil One of hell who stands þere. Go now near and take him and wiþ þe bonds þat be þere bind him fast; God Almighty giveð þee power for to do it, and þou shalt lead him wheresoever it pleaseð þee; and he shall tell þee all in spite of his teeð þat þou chooseſt to know, and shall inform þee and explain all þat þou askest."

Prays.

A voice from heaven.

þiſ eadie meiden aſ heo weſ iwiſſet of þen engel leop to ant lahte him ant ſeide. Swiðe ſei me hwet art þu ant hweonne ant hwa þe hider ſende ant he wende heowes ꝛ warð ſwuch aſ he her wes unwiht of helle. lefdi quoð he lef me ant ich þe wule ſeggen. Swiðe quoð ha ſei me for ich for ichulle þe leowſin ant leauen hwen me þunche ð. Deore lefdi
*[Leaf 62, back.] quoð *he þa ich am þe deouel belial deoflene wureſt ant meſt iſ awariet. for wel niſ me neuer bute hwen ich makie moncun wurchen to wundre. ich weorp adam ant eue of paraiſes prude. ant þene acurſede kaym to acwellen abel hiſ broðer. ant ꝛe þreo children *þat* icoren weren beon iduſt in þe fur of þe ofne. ant ich makede nabugodonoſor þe king of caldey makien þe mawmez igoten of golde. ant ich makede þen wittie yſaye beon iſahet þurh ant þurh to deaðe.

Juliana seizes the devil, and asks him whence he comes, and who sent him.

This blessed maiden, as she was instructed by the angel, leapt to and seized him, and said, "Quickly tell me what thou art, and whence, and who sent thee hither." And he changed colour, and became such as he before was, an evil being of hell. "Lady," quoth he, "leave me and I will tell thee." "Quickly tell me," quoth she, "for I will loose thee and leave thee when it seems good to me."

He tells her that he is the devil Belial, who cast Adam and Eve out of Paradise, and caused Cain to slay his brother.

"Dear lady," quoth he then, "I am the devil Belial, worst of devils and most accurst; for it is never well with me, save when I make mankind work strangely. I cast Adam and Eve out of the pride of Paradise, and (caused) the accursed Cain to slay Abel his brother, and the three children that were chosen, to be dashed into the fire of the oven; and I caused Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Chaldea, to make the idols molten of gold; and I made the prophet Isaiah to be sawed through and through to death;

þiſ eadi meiden aſ ha weſ iwiſſet þurh þen engel; leop to 7 ilahte him. 7 ſeide. ſei me ſwiðe. hwet tu beo 7 hweonene. 7 hwa þe hider ſende. ant he wið *þat* ilke feng to hwenden heoweſ. ant warð ſwuch aſ he weſ vnhwiht of helle. leafdi q*uo*ð he leaf me. 7 ich chulle ſeggen. Do ſwiðe ſei me for ich chulle lowſe þe 7 leten hwen me þuncheð.

Deore leafdi. q*uo*ð he þa ich hit am þe deouel belial of alle unwreſte unwhihteſ þe wurſte 7 meaſt awariet. for niſ me neau*er* wel ne neſ; bute hwen ich makede moncun to wurche to wundre. Ich hit am. *þat* weorp ut adam 7 eue; of paraiſe selhðe. 7 ich hit am *þat* makede caym þe acurſede acwalde hiſ broðer abel. ant ich hit am *þat* makede nabugodonoſor. þe kene king of caldey makien þe maumez igoten al of golde. ant ich *hit am *þat* makede *þat* te þreo children icoren ou*er* þe oþre; weren iduſt to fordon iþet ferliche fur of þe muchele ouen. ant ich hit am *þat* makede þen muchele witti witege yſaie. beon iſahet þurh 7 þurh to deaðe. *[Fol. 48.]

þis holy maiden, when she was instructed by þe angel, leapt at him and caught him, and said, "Tell me quickly, what þou art and whence, and who sent þee hiþðr;" and he wiþ þat same took to turning colour; and became such as he was an evil one of hell. "Lady," quoð he, "leave me and I will say." "Do quickly, tell me; for I will loose þe and let go, when it seemeð good to me." She seizes the devil.

"Dear lady," quoð he þen, "I am so, þe devil belial of all cunning evil ones þe worst and most accursed; for it is never well wiþ me nor was, but when I made mankind to work for mischief. I am he who cast out Adam and Eve from paradise joy; I am he þat made Cain, þe accursed, slay his broþer Abel, and I am he þat made Nebuchadnezzar, þe keen king of Chaldea, make þe molten images all of gold; and I am he þat caused þe ðree children, elect beyond oþers, to be dashed into þe strange fire of þe big oven to perish; and I am he þat caused þe great witty profet Isaiah to be sawed þrough and þrough to deaðe. The devil avows himself.

7 ich makede tenden ier*uſalem* ant driuen hit to duſte þet deore godeſ temple. ant ich make[de] iſraheleſ folc to leuen i*þat* wilderneſſe þen lauerd *þat* heom aleſde: ant igotene godes to heien ant te herien. ant ich þe *þat* refde þen riche iob his ahte. 7 wrahte ſo muche wondreðe. ant ich am *þat* weſ ſum hwile *þurh* þe wiſe ſalomon feſte bitunet. 7 ich am þe makede ſein iuhan hefdeſ bicoruen. ant ſeinte ſtefne mid ſtaneſ iſtenet. 7 ich am þe þet ſpec *þurh* ſymoneſ muð þe wicche. þet weorrede euer aȝein peter ant pawel ant ich redde nerrun: þe riche keiſér of rome to bihefden pawel ant don peter on rode ant ich makede *þat* te cniht þurlede criſteſ ſide mit te ſpere ſcharpe. þah ich þe talde al dei ne mahte ich þe tellen þe wundreſ *þat* ich iwraht habbe ant meſt monne bone ibeon of alle mine breðren Do ſei me quod *þat* meiden hwa ſende þe to me ant if meiſter ouer þe. lefdi quod he

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and I made Jerusalem to be set on fire, and the dear temple of God driven to dust; and I made Israels people in the wilderness to leave the Lord who delivered them, and to extol and to praise molten gods. And I (am) he that spoiled the rich Job of his possessions, and wrought him so much misery; and I am he that was at one time fast inclosed by the wise Solomon; and I am he that made St. John to be beheaded, and St. Stephen stoned with stones; and I am he that spake through the mouth of Simon Magus, who warred ever against Peter and Paul; and I counselled Nero, the rich emperor of Rome, to behead Paul and crucify Peter; and I caused the knight to pierce Christs side with the sharp spear. Though I should tell thee all day, I could not tell thee (all) the wonders that I have wrought; and (I have) been the bane of men more than all my brethren."

"I am he that spoiled Job of his possessions, caused St. John to be beheaded, and Stephen to be stoned with stones."

"Come, tell me," quoth the maiden, "who sent thee to me, and is master over thee?" "Lady," quoth he,

"Tell me," quoth she, "who is thy master?"

ant ich hit am *þat* makede to ontenden ier*usa*lem. ⁊ godeſ deore temple to driuen al to duſte. ant ich hit am *þat* makede. ⁊ readde iſra*e*leſ folc to leauen iþe wilderneſſe. þe lau*er*d *þat* aleſde ha*m* of pharaoneſ þeowdom. ⁊ makeden ham godeſ igotene. to heien ⁊ to herien. ant ich hit am þe reafde þe riche Job hiſ ahte. ſwa *þat* he weolewede of wontreȝe iþe mixne. ant ich hit am *þat* ſum chearre weſ þurh þe wiſe Salomon et halden. ant ich hit am þet makede ſein iuhan þe baptiſte beon heafdeſ bicoruen; ⁊ ſeinte ſtephene iſteanet. ant ich hit am *þat* ſpec þurh ſimuneſ muȝ. þe wicche. þe weorrede eau*er* aȝein peter ⁊ pawel. ant ich hit am þe readde neru*n* þe riche keiſer of rome to don o rode pet*er*. ⁊ to biheafdin pawel. ant ich makede þe cniht to þurlin godeſ ſide wiȝ ſcharpe ſpereſ ord. þah ich talde al dei; ȝet ich mahte tellen. for ma wundreſ ich habbe iwraht; þene ich mahte munien. ⁊ ma monne bone ibeon; þen ei of mine breȝren.[1]

[1] MS. brreȝren.

Do ſei me q*uo*ȝ þe meiȝen. hwa ſende þe to me: ant hwa *iſ meiſter ouer þe. leafdi quoȝ he *[Fol. 48b.]

And I am he þat made Jerusalem be set on fire and Gods dear temple to be driven all to dust. And I am he caused and counselled þe people of Israel in þe wilderness to leave þe Lord þat released þem from Pharaohs servitude, and to make þemselves molten gods to extol and glorify. And I am he who robbed þe rich Job of his possessions, so þat he wallowed up for misery on þe mixen. And I am he þat once on a time was bottled up by þe wise Solomon. And I am he þat caused Saint John þe Baptist to be beheaded, and St. Stefanos stoned. And I am he þat spoke þrough þe mouȝ of Simon Magus, who warred always against Peter and Paul: and I am he þat counselled Nero, þe powerful emperor of Rome, to crucify Peter, and to behead Paul; and made þe soldier to pierce Christs side with a sharp spears point. þough I were to recount all day, yet I could not tell all; for more miseries have I wrought þan I could remember, and have been bane of more men þan any of my breþren."

See notes to the Koran.

Longinus.

"Come, tell me," quoȝ þe maiden, "who sent þe to me; and who is master over þee." "Lady," quoȝ he,

*[Leaf 63.] béélzebub *þe alde þurſ of helle. ant wet were if *þat* he meſt wurcheð. lefdi ȝef þi wil if he ifindeð al uuel ant bi þencheð al. ant ſend us þenne hwider ſo him þuncheð. ꝛ hwa ſe wel ne ſpet nawt hwen he ſent us to wrenchen eni rihtwiſe ut of þe weie ant we ne mahen þet don: þenne darie we. ꝛ ne durren neuer cumen biuoren him ꝛ he hatterliche hat þeo. *þat* habbeð iwraht efter hiſ wille *þat* hwer ſo ha uſ findeð: beaten uſ ant binden. ꝛ mare wa don uſ þen euer eni mon mahte þolien. For þi we moten lefdi: buhen to ure leowunde lauerd ant wurchen hiſ wille.

SEI me ȝet witerluker quod ha hwucheſ weiſ ȝe wurcheð ant bicherreð godes children. Lefdi quod he iuliane? þe ifont ant habbe ifulet me to wraðerheale. ich wende to habben ilead þe into þin aldrene lahen ant makien þe to leauen þe luue of þi lauerd. ant feng to fondin þe ant ich am afallet. Hwer ſo euer eni mon god wule biginnen we makieð him to þenchen þonckes þer to ȝeineſ ant wenden hare heorte toward oþer willes *þat* wulleð ham harmen. ant makien ham to

"Beelzebub, says he; "he invents all evil, and sends us forth whither he will."

"Beelzebub, the old giant of hell." "And what work is it that he most works?" "Lady, if it is thy will, he invents all evil, and considers all, and sends us then, whitherso seems him good, and whoso speeds not well when he sends us to wrench any righteous person out of the way, and we cannot do that, then we loiter and dare never come before him; and he fiercely orders those that have wrought according to his will, whereso they find us, to beat and bind us, and cause us more woe than ever any man could endure. Therefore we must, lady, bow to our living lord, and work his will."

"Tell me how ye work and deceive Gods children."

"Tell me yet more plainly," quoth she, "in what way ye work and deceive Gods children." "Lady," quoth he, "Juliana, thee I found and have followed to my ruin; I thought to have led thee into thy parents customs, and to make thee leave the love of thy Lord; and began to tempt thee, and I am overthrown. Wheresoever any man will begin good, we make him to think thoughts in the opposite direction, and to turn their hearts toward other desires that will harm them, and make them to

"Wherever a man begins to do good, we make him to think other thoughts that will harm him."

belzeebub. þe balde þurſ of helle. Hwet if quoð ha his werc. ⁊ hwet wurcheð he meſt; leafdi ȝef þi wil if. he ifint euch uuel ⁊ biþencheð hit al. ⁊ ſendeð uſ þenne þider as him þuncheð. ⁊ hwen we nawt ne ſpedeð ne ne mahen wrenchen ſum rihtwiſ of þe weie; we dareð ⁊ ne durren nohwer cume biuoren him. ⁊ he heterliche hat þeo þát habbeð iwraht efter hiſ wille. Hwer ſe ha uſ ifinden. beaten uſ. ⁊ binden ⁊ don uſ mare wa on; þen ei mon mahte þolien. for þi we moten leafdi buhen ſwiðe. ⁊ beien to ure luuewrðe feader. ⁊ wurchen alle hiſ willes.

Sei quoð ha witerluker ȝet. hu ȝe wurchen ⁊ o hwuche wiſe ȝe bichearreð godeſ children. leafdi quoð he Juliene þe ich font. ⁊ habbe ifolhet me to wraðer heale; Ich wende iwiſ to leade þe into þine ealdrene lahen. ⁊ makie to leauen þe luue of þi lauerd. ant feng on to fondin þe. ah ich am aueallet. Ich chulle kenne þe nu al þat tu eaſkeſt Hwer ſe we eauer iſeoð mon oðer wummon eani god biginnen; we wepnið uſ aȝein ham. ⁊ makieð iſwiken al þat beſt mahte wenden hare heorte ant [we]

"Belzebub, þe bold portent of hell." "What is," quoð she, "his work? and what worke's he most?" "Lady, if it is þy will, he discovers each evil and invents it all, and þen sendeð us hiþer as seemeð him fit; and when we have no success, nor are able to twist some rightwise person out of þe way, we loiter, and we dare not come into his presence, and he fiercely orders þem þat have wrought according to his will, wheresoever þey find us, to beat us and bind us and do us more woe, þan any man might endure; þerefore, lady, we must bow entirely, and bend to our loveworðy faþer and work all his will." The prince of the devils.

"Say," quoð she, "more distinctly yet, how ye work and in what wise ye turn astray Gods children." "Lady," quoð he, "Juliana, þee I found and have followed to my own ruin. I weened, in truð, to lead þee into þe customs of þy ancestors, and to make þee to leave þe love of þy Lord, and began to tempt þee, but I am disappointed. I will explain to þe now all þat þou askest. Wheresoever we see a man or a woman begin any good, we arm ourselves against him, and we make to cease all þat best might turn þeir heart, and we The devil is cross-examined; and reveals the secrets of hell.

leoſen forto bidden ȝeorne *þat* godd binime ha*m* þene wil *þat* we ham in warpeð. ⁊ heo unſtrengeð þerwið ant we ſtrengeð on ham. ⁊ ouerſtiheð ham er ha leſt wenen. ⁊ ȝef ha gað to chirche to bireowſen hare ſunnen. ⁊ liðeliche luſtnin hali writen lare: þer we beoð biſilukeſt ant þer mare þen
*[Leaf 63, back.] elles hwer. to letten ham ⁊ wrenchen hare þonckes *toward oðer unnute þingeſ. ah þeo ilke *þat* beoð ſtalewurðe ha underſtondeð ham ant warpeð mid ſtrencðe ut of hare heorte hare unwreſte wil *þat* ich in ham warpe ⁊ ȝeornliche ȝeieð efter godes grace to helpe. ant þenne meſt hwen þe preoſt inwið þe meſſe noteð godes licome þet he nom on þe laſteleſe meiden þer iſ riht bileaue ant inward bone ant ſwa icweme to godd: þet þenne biginne we to fleonne ant turneð to þe lufte ant þiſ iſ al *þat* we doð te deruen criſtene men ant eggin to þen uuele.

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lose (the desire) to pray earnestly that God may take away from them the desire that we cast into them; and they become weak therewith, and we grow strong against them, and surmount them before they the least think it. And if they go to church to repent of their sins, and mildly listen to the lore of holy writings, there we are most busy, and there more than elsewhere, to hinder them and twist their thoughts toward other and useless things. But those who are stalwârt, they understand them, and with strength cast out of their hearts their wicked will that I cast into them, and earnestly cry after Gods grace to help, and then especially when the priest in the mass partakes of Gods body which he took in the blameless maiden; there is right belief and inward prayer, and so pleasing to God, that then we begin to fly and turn to the air; and this is all that we do to harm Christian men, and egg them on to the evil."

"If they go to church to hear the lore of Holy Writ, we turn their thoughts to useless things. But those who are strong cry to God for help; then we begin to fly and turn to the air."

makien ham to þenchen þohteſ þer to3eineſ. ⁊ wendeð to oðer willeſ *þat* ham wulleð hearmin. ⁊ makieð ham forte leoſe luſt. forte bidde 3eorne *þat* godd bineo*me ham þe wil: *þat* we in ham warpeð ⁊ unſtrengið þer wið. ⁊ we ſtrenged þer wið on ham al ear[1] ha leſt wenen. ⁊ 3ef we ſeoð ham 3eornliche ſechen to chirche. ⁊ ter ſwiðe bi ham ſeolf bireowſin hare ſunnen. ⁊ leofliche luſtnin hali chirche lare. Þer we beoð 3etten biſiliche ham abuten. ⁊ mare þer þen elleſ hwer to letten ham 3ef we mahen. ⁊ wrenchen hare þonkeſ towart unnette þingeſ. Ah hwucche ſe beoð ſe ſtealewurðe; *þat* ha underſtonden ham ⁊ warpeð ut wið ſtrengðe; ut of hare heorte. unwreaſte willeſ *þat* ich ham in warpe. ⁊ 3eornliche 3ei3eð efter godeſ *grace* to help ⁊ to heale. ⁊ þenne meaſt hwen þe preoſt in wið þe meſſe noteð godeſ licome *þat* he nom of *þat* laðleſe meiden; þer iſ riht bileaue. ⁊ inwardliche bonen ſwa icweme to godd. *þat* i *þat* ilke time we biginneð to fleon ⁊ turneð to fluhte þis iſ al *þat* we doð i *cri*ſtemen ⁊ eggið eauer to vuele.

[Fol. 49.]

[1] MS. car.

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make 'em to ðink ðoughts in þe opposite direction, and we turn þem to oþer plans which will do þem harm, and we make þem leave þe desire, earnestly to pray, þat God would take from þem þe will, which we introduce into þem, and by which we take þeir strengð away; and þus fortified overcome þem, ere þey expect it at þe least; and if we see 'em earnestly seek to go to church, and þere fully by þemselves repent þeir sins and affectionately listen to Holy Church lore (Scripture lore R.), þere we are busily engaged about þem, and þere more þan elsewhere hinder þem if we are able, and twist þeir þoughts to unprofitable subjects. But whosoever are so stallwart þat þey understand þese promptings and ðrow out wiþ force out of þeir hearts þe mischievous wills þat I suggest to þem, and earnestly cry Gods grace for help and for healð, and most þen when þe priest in þe service of þe mass partakeð of 'Gods body,' which he took of þat blameless maiden; where true faið exists and inward prayer, so acceptable to God, in þat same moment we begin to flee and turn to flight. Þis is all þat we do on Christian men, and egg þem on ever to evil."

ME ȝe ateliche wihteſ quoð þiſ meiden hu durre ȝe neomen ow to criſteſ icorne. Me ſeli meiden hu derſtu nu hondlin me ant halden me ſwa hardeliche. bute for þi *þat* tu art truſti on þi lauerd. ant ich truſte on minne aſ þu deſt oþinne. ant mi lauerdeſ wil ich wurche *þat* iſ meiſter ouer mixſchipe ouer al þer imei. ant ȝef ich mahte mare ich walde beon þe fenre. ah nat i[c]h hwet me makede her forte ſechen. bute mi muchel unſeli ſið ſohte þe te ſeonne wumme *þat* ſihðe ſariliche ſit hit me ne ſet me neuer naþing ſwa luðere ne ſwa ſwere. wei hwi nefdich iwiſt hwuch weane me weſ toward. ne mi kinewurðe
*[Leaf 64]. lauerd me ne cuðe nawt cuðen. *þer* of þulli *wa iſ of foſter. for let me nu lefdi ant ichulle bileauen þe ant folhen an oðer. oðer ichulle forwreien to mi meinfule feder ah ichulle warnen þe biforen: niſ hit nawt þe biheue.

O quod ha þreateſtu me nu wrecche. þe ſchal iwurðen godd hit wat godes þe wurſe ant grap a great raketehe *þat* heo wes mide ibunden ant bond

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"But, ye hateful wights," quoth this maiden, "how dare ye betake yourselves to Christs chosen?" "But, blessed maiden, how darest thou now handle me, and hold me so hard, but because thou art trustful on thy Lord? and I trust on mine, as thou dost on thine; and I work my lords will, who is master over wretchedness, everywhere that I can; and if I could do more, I should be the gladder. But I know not what made me seek (to come) here, unless my greatly unlucky journey sought to see thee. Woe is me! That sight, sorely it sits upon me; nothing ever sat so evil nor so heavy upon me. Alas! why had I not known what misery was before me? nor my royal lord, he could not inform me thereof. Such woe is of his foster-son, let me go now, lady, and I will leave thee and follow another; another I will bewray to my mighty father. But I will warn thee beforehand, it is not to thy advantage."

"I know not what has brought me hither. Alas! why did I not see what misery was before me?"

"O," quoth she, "threatenest thou me now, wretch? It shall turn out the worse for thee, God knows." And she seized a great chain with which she was bound, and bound

Juliana seizes a great chain and binds

Me ȝe eateliche wihteſ quoð, þat eadi wummon. hu durre ȝe eauer neomen ow to criſteſ icorene; me ſei me ſeli meiden quoð he. hu derſt tu halde me ⁊ hondlin ſe heterliche bute þuh þat tu art truſti o þi lauerd. ⁊ ich do aſ þu deſt truſto o mi lauerd þat iſ meiſter *of alle mixſchipeſ ⁊ wurche hiſ wil ouer al aſe forð aſ imei. ⁊ ȝef ich mahte forðre ich walde beo þe feinre. ah nat i hwet vnſelisið makede me her to ſechen. bute mi muchele unſelhðe ſohte þe to ſeonne. wumme aa þat ſihðe ſe ſariliche hit ſit me. ne ſet me neauer na þing ſe luðere ne ſe ſare. wei hwi nefde ich iwiſt. hwuch weane me weſ towart. Ne mi kinewurðe feader ne cuðe nawt warnin of þulli wa his ſoſter. forlet me mi leafdi ⁊ ich chulle al bileaue þe. ⁊ folhin an oþer. oþer ich chulle forwreie þe to meinfule feader. Ah wel ich warni þe uore. hit niſ nawt þin biheue. O quoð ha Juliene ihesu criſteſ leofmon þreateſ tu me wrecche; þe ſchal iwurðen godd hit wat godeſ þe wurſe. ⁊ grap a great raketehe þat ha weſ wið ibunden. ⁊ bond [Fol. 49b.]

"But, ye odious wights," quoð þat blessed woman, "how dare ye ever betake yourselves to Christs elect?" "But tell me, seely maiden," quoð he, "how dost þou hold me and handle me so roughly except because þou art trustful on þy Lord; and I do as þou dost, trust in my Lord, þat is master of all mischiefs, and I work his will above all þings, as far as I may, and I should be fainer if I might do so furþer. But I know not what bad luck made me seek to come here, except þat in my mickle unhap I sought to see þee. Woe is me! Ah, þat sight! it so sorely sits on me! Never did any þing sit on me so wretched nor so sore. Well away! Why had I not known what woes were coming on me! Nor my royal faþer, he could not warn of such a woe his fosterson. Let me go, lady, and I will altogeðer quit þee and follow anoþer: some oþer I will betray to my powerful faþer. But well I warn þee beforehand, it is not þy behoof."

"O," quoð she, Juliana, Jesus Christs lemman, "dost þou þreaten me, þou wretch? to þee it shall turn out, God wot, so much þe worse." And she seized a great chain wiþ which she was ibounden, and bound

to hiſ ruge ba twa hiſ honden *þat* him eoc euch neil ⁊ blakede of þe blode ant hef him up ant duſte him adun
[1] MS. steorue. ruglunge ant ſtod up on þe ſteorne[1] ⁊ nom hire ahne bondeſ ⁊ bigon to beaten þen belial of helle. ant he to rarin reowliche ant te ȝuren ant te ȝeien. ⁊ heo leide ſwa luðerliche *þat* wa weſ him onliue.

AMi leſdi lef me iuliane euening wið apoſtel p*a*triarchen ilich. ant leof wið þe martirs englene ifere ant arcanglene freond friðe me ane hwile ich halſi þe ogodes half. ⁊ on hiſ ſune rode. *þat* we ſo muchel dredeð. ⁊ oþe pine ant te.deð *þat* he droh for mon milce ant merce wummon haue of mi wrechedom. Stew þe ſtorne of helle quoð þe edie meiden niſ na merci wið þe for þi ne aheſtu nan habben. ah ſei me ſwiðe mare of þe wa *þat* tu haueſt mid woh iwraht monne. leſdi lef me ant hald þine edie honden ich habbe i-blend men ant
*[Leaf 64, back.] ibroken ham þe ſchonken ⁊ te ſchuldren *baðen. ifur iwarpen ant iwater. ant hare ahne blake blod to ſpitten ant te ſpeowen ant te an to fleon *þat* oðer ant hongin him

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both his hands behind him; then she [illegible] him down and stands over him, beating him with her chains. He beseeches her to leave him.

to his back both his two hands, so that him ached each nail, and grew black from the blood; and she raised him up and dashed him down backwards, and stood upon the stern one, and took her own bonds, and began to beat the Belial of hell. And he (began) to roar ruefully, and to yell and to cry out; and she laid on so sorely that woe was him alive (*i.e.* his life was a misery).

"O my lady, leave me, Juliana, equal of apostle, like to patriarchs, and dear to the martyrs, companion of angels and friend of archangels, spare me a while, I entreat thee on Gods behalf, and by his Sons cross that we so much dread, and by the suffering and the death that he endured for man; woman, have compassion and mercy on my misery." "Stop thee, stern one of hell," quoth the blessed maiden; "there is no mercy with thee, therefore oughtest thou to have none; but tell me quickly more of the woe that thou hast with wrong wrought upon man." "Lady, leave me and hold off thy blessed hands. I have blinded men, and broken their shanks and shoulders both, cast them into fire and water, and (made them) to spit and to spew their own black blood, and one to flee the other and hang him-

"Stop, stern one of hell, tell me more of the woe thou hast wrought."
"I have blinded men and broken their shanks, cast them into fire and water,

bihinden hiſ rug ha twa hiſ honden. *þat* him wrong euch neil ⁊ blakede of þe blode. ⁊ duſte him ruglunge adun riht, to þer eorðe. ⁊ ſtondinde o þe ſteorue nom hire ahne bondeſ ⁊ bigon to beaten þen belial of helle. ⁊ he to rarin reowliche. to ȝuren ant to ȝein. ⁊ heo leide on ſe luðerliche þet wa weſ him o liue.

[O]mi leafdi Juliene *quo*ð he. þu[1] euening wið apoſtel. *pat*riarchen ilich. ⁊ leof wið alle martyrſ. englene ſeolahe: ⁊ archanlene freonð friðe *ane hwhile ich halſi þe o godeſ half. ⁊ on hiſ ſune rode. *þat* we ſe muchel ðredeð. ⁊ o þe pine ⁊ o þe deað. *þat* he droh for moncu*n* milce haue ⁊ m*e*rci wu*m*mon of mi wrecchedom.

[S]tew þe ſteorue of helle. q*uo*ð *þat* eadie meiden, merci nan niſ wið þe. for þi ne aheſt tu nan milce to ifinden. Ah ſei me ſwiðe. mare of þe wa *þat* tu haueſt ⁊ of woh iwraht mon. leafdi leaf þe hwile. ⁊ hald þine eadi honden. Ich habbe iblend men ⁊ ibroken ham þe ſchuldren. ⁊ te ſchonken. i fur iwarpen ham ⁊ i water. ⁊ hare ahne blod ich habbe ofte imaket ham to ſpitten ⁊ to ſpeowen. ⁊ te an to sclein þen oþer. ⁊ ahon him

[1] MS. þå. *added above the line.*

*[Fol. 50.]

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behind his back boð his two hands, þat every nail wrung, till it turned black wiþ þe blood, and she dashed him backwards right down to þe earð, and standing on þe savage took her own bonds, and began to beat þe beliaſ of hell. He began to roar ruefully, to yell and to cry, and she laid on him so heavily þat he was tired of life.

"O my lady Juliana," quoð he, "þou equal to apostles, like to patriarchs, and as dear as all martyrs, fellow of angels and friend of archangels, give me rest for a moment, I entreat þee in Gods name, and by His Sons rood, which we so much dread, and by þe pain and by þe deað which he suffered for mankind, have milce and mercy, woman, of my wretchedness." The imp of hell cries amercy.

"Stop þee, brute of hell," quoð þat blessed maiden, "þere is no mercy wiþ þee, wherefore þou oughtest to find no mercy. But tell me quickly, more of þe woe and of þe wrong þou hast wrought to man. Lady, quit þe while and hold off þy blessed hands. I have blinded men and broken þeir shoulders aud shanks; cast þem into þe fire and into þe water, and have often made þem to spit and to spew þeir own blood, and one to slay anoþer, and to hang þem- Juliana again questions him: and he makes confession.

ſeoluen. Me þu witti wummon hu wultu *þat* ich endi þe tale *þat* waxeð áá aſ ich hit telle. ſo ſeole ich habbe iſulet of þeo *þat* neren nawt ibleſcet aſ wel aſe ham bihouede. *þat* ne mahte hit na mon rikenin ne tellen. of al *þat* uuel iþe world hwet wultu wurſe ich am an of þe ſprunges: *þat* hit meſt of ſpringeð. ant neuer ear þen nu neſ ich þuſ ihondlet. O? þu mihti. oþu meiðhad hu þu art iwepnet to weorren awei: aȝein us. ȝet tu wurcheſt uſ wurſt aſ þu euer dudeſt. of alle *þat* uſ wa doð ah we ſchulen ſechen eſter wrake on alle *þat* we biwiteð þat ne ſchulen ha beon ſker of ure weorre. we wulleð meidnes áá mare henen ant hatien. ant þah an etſterte uſ: tene ſchulen etſtunten. O? ihesu godeſ ſune *þat* haueſt iſet in heh ſeotel meidenes mihte hire to muchele menſke: wa wurcheſtu uſ þer wið. ant al to wel þu witeſt ham *þat* treowlich habbeð hire in heorte to halden ȝef ha milde ant meoke beoð ah aſ meiden ah te beonne. wið *þat*: þe unwiht ȝurde *þat* monie weren awundret hwet te ȝuring mahte beon.

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and defiled many who were not marked aright with the cross.

self. But thou, witty woman, how wilt thou that I end the tale that waxeth ever as I tell it? So many have I fouled of those that were not blessed (with the sign of the cross) as well as it behoved them, that no man could reckon or tell it. Of all the evil in the world (what wilt thou worse?), I am one of the springs, which it springs from most. And never before now was I handled thus. O thou mighty one! O thou maidenhood, how art thou weaponed to war, alas! against us! Yet thou workest us worst, as thou ever didst, of all that cause us woe; but we shall seek after vengeance on all that we guard, so that they shall not be quit of our war; we will maidens evermore humble and hate; and though one start away from us, ten shall stand to us. O Jesus, Gods Son, who hast set on high throne a maidens might to her great honour, woe workest thou us therewith, and all too well thou protectest them that truly have her to hold in heart, if they be mild and meek, as a maiden ought to be."

O thou mighty maidenhood! how art thou weaponed to war against us!"

The devil begins to yell.

With that the evil being yelled so, that many wondered what the yelling could be.

ſeoluen. Me witti wummon. hu wult tu *þat* ich endi þe. þe tale þe waxeð aa aſ ich telle. Se ſeole ich habbe i-fulet of þeo þe neren ibleſcet nawt ſe wel aſ ham bihofde; *þat* ne mahte hit na mon rikenin ne reden. of al *þat* uuel iþe world. hwet wult tu wurſe. ich am of þe ſprungeſ. þe an *þat* hit meaſt of ſpringeð. ne neau*er* adet tiſ dei neſ ich *þus* ihondlet. O þe mihte of meiðhad aſ þu art iwepnet to weorrin a ȝein uſ. ȝet tu wurcheſt uſ wurſt of al *þat* uſ wa deð aſ þu dudeſt so MS. eaure. Ah we ſchule ſechen efter wrake on alle þeo *þat* te biwiteð. ne ne ſchulen ha neau*er* beo ſker of ure weorre. we wulleð meideneſ a mare heanen ⁊ heatien *⁊ þah monie •[Fol. 50b.] etſterten uſ ſumme ſchulen ſtutten. O ihesu godeſ ſune. þe haueſt þin hehe ſeotel o meiðhadeſ mihte. hire to muche menſke. wa wurcheſt tu uſ þer wið. to wel þu witeſt ham þe treowliche habbeð hire in heorte forte halden. ȝef ha milde ⁊ meoke beon. aſ meiden deh to beonne. wið *þat* he þis hefde iſeid; bigon ſwa te ȝuren *þat* monie weren awundret. hwet tet ȝur were.

ſelves. But, witty woman, how wilt þou þat I ſhould end for þee þe tale þat ever groweð as I tell it? ſo many have I fouled of þem þat were not ſo well bleſt *wiþ þe ſign of þe croſs* as þey ſhould have been, þat no man might reckon nor count þem. I am one of þe ſprings of all þe evil in þe world, (what wilt þou worſe?) from whom it moſt ſpringeð, and never till þis day was I ſo handled. O þe might of maidenhood, as þou art iweaponed to war againſt us! Yet þou treateſt us worſt of all þat do us woe, as þou ever didſt. But we ſhall ſeek after revenge on all þem þat protect þee, nor ſhall þey ever be clear of our war. Maidens ever more we will humble and hate, and þough many ſtart away from us, ſome ſhall ſtand to us. O Jeſu, Son of God! who haſt þy high ðrone in maidenhoods might, to þeir great honour: woe þou workeſt us þereby: too well þou guardeſt þem who truly keep þee to hold þee in þeir hearts, if þey be mild and meek, as a maiden ought to be." Hereupon, having þus ſaid, he began ſo to yell, þat many were in wonder what þat cry could be.

He profeſſes nuns to be his moſt potent adverſaries.

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*[Leaf 65.] Þa het þe reue ſwiðe bringen biuoren him ȝef ha þe ȝet liuede ant heo forð ant fun*den hire. ant of þat griſliche: ſwiðe agriſen weren ledden hire þah forð ant heo lec efter hire þen ladliche of helle holhninde ȝeorne. Mi lefdi iuliane ne make þu me nawt men to huting ant to hokere. for inoh wa me iſ. þah þu ne do me na mare. Mi feder ich habbe iloren *þat* neuer mare heonne forð: ne dar ich cumen biuoren him. lefdi quoð he lef me ogodeſ half ich halſi þe. ne beoð criſtene men ȝef hit ſoð iſ *þat* me ſeið merciable ant milzful ant tu art buten reowðe haue merci of me for þi lauerdes luue þi luſſume leofmon lefdi ich þe bidde Ant heo leac him efter hire endelong þe cheping chepmenne huting. ant heo leiden him to ſumme wið ſtan ſumme wið ban. ȝ ſletten him wið hundeſ ant leiden to wið honden aſ he wes imaket þuſ armeſt alre þinge. ȝ iberde aſ ful wiht: *þat* ter fluhen monie. ſwa *þat* te edie meiden

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Juliana is brought before the reeve, and draws the loathly one after her.

Then ordered the reeve quickly to bring (her) before him, if she still were living. And they (went) forth and found her, and of that grisly one were much terrified, yet they led her forth, and she lugged after her the loathly one of hell, flattering earnestly: "My lady Juliana, make me not a hooting and a scorn unto men, for enough woe I have, though thou do me no more. My father I have lost so that nevermore henceforth dare I come before him. Lady," quoth he, "leave me, for Gods sake; I entreat thee. Are not Christian men, if it is true that is said, merciful and pitiful? and thou art without ruth. Have mercy on me for thy Lords love, thy lovesome leman, lady, I pray thee." And she tugged him after her along the market, a hooting of chapmen; and they laid on him, some with stone, some with bone, and slit him with hounds, and laid on him with hands. When he was thus made most wretched of all things, and behaved as a foul wight, so that many fled, so that the blessed maiden

He beseeches her to let him go;

but she pulls him along the market.

[E]leuſiuſ þe reue het lokin ȝef ha liuede. ⁊ brugen hire biuoren him. ȝef ha were oliue. Heo þe weren ihaten forð ⁊ funden hire þus. ⁊ of *þat* griſliche gra weren a-griſen ſwiðe. leadden hire þah forð. ⁊ heo leac eauer efter hire þen laddliche of helle *þat* olhnede ſwiðe. ⁊ bed tuf ⁊ biſohte. mi leoue leafdi Juliene ne make þu me nawt men to hutung ne to hokere. þu haueſt ido me wa inoh þah þu ne do me wurſe. Ich habbe wumme forloren mi leoue feaderef freontſchipe. Ne neauer mare her on uuen ne der ich cumen biuoren him. Mihti meiden leaf me o godef half ich halſi þe. ȝe beoð criſtene men. ȝef hit if ſoð *þat* me ſeið. merciable ⁊ milȝfule. ⁊ tu art bute reowðe. Haue merci of me for þe lauerdef luue. þi luue-wurðe leofmon leafdi i þe bidde. ⁊ heo leac him eauer endelong þe cheping chapmen[1] to huting. ⁊ heo leiden to him ſum wið *ſtan. ſum wið ban. ⁊ ſleatten on him hundef. ant leiden to wið honden.

[1] chäpmen, MS.

*[Fol. 51.]

[A]s he wef imaket tuf earmeſt alre þinge ⁊ berde af þe ful wiht *þat* ter flue monie. ſe *þat* eadi wummon

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Eleusius, þe prefect, bid his men see if she yet lived, and bring her before him if she were alive. Þey þat were bidden set forð and found her þus, and were much terrified by þat grisly wolf: yet þey led her forð, and she lugged ever behind her þe loaðly one from hell, which flattered much and þus begged and besought; "My dear lady, Juliana, make me not a hooting and contempt to men: þou hast done me woe enough, þough þou do me no worse. I have, woe is me, lost my dear faþers friendship; nor ever henceforþ dare I come before him. Mighty maiden, let me go on Gods behalf I beseech þee. Ye are Christian men, if it is true þat men say, merciful and kind; yet þou are wiþout ruð. Have mercy on me for þe Lords love, þy loveworðy lemman, lady, I þee pray." Yet she pulled him ever along, for þe cheaping chapmen to hoot at, and þey laid on him, some wiþ stone, and some wiþ bone, and slot hounds at him, and laid on him wiþ þeir hands.

Juliana with her chained devil is broht before Eleusius.

When he was made þus most miserable of all þings and gave voice like þe foul one, so þat many fled, þat blessed woman

She flings away her imp.

wergede ſum hwet ant reat him mitte raketehe unrudeliche ſwiðe ⁊ warp him forð efter þet from hire into a put of fulðe. Com baldeliche forð biuoren þene reue aſ he ſet on hiſ dom ſeotel. hire nebſcheft ſchininde al aſ ſchene aſ þe ſunne þe reue aſ he ſeh þiſ þuhte muche wunder ant *bigon to ſeggen. Iuliane þe edie ſei me ant beo ſoð cnawes hwer weren þe itaht þine wichecrefteſ *þat* tu ne telleſt na tale of naneſ cunneſ tintreo ne ne dredeſt na deð ne nane cwke[1] deoulen.

*[Leaf 65, back.]

[1] So in MS.

HER me heðene hund quod þe edie meiden ich heie ant herie godd feder ant hiſ ſulliche ſune ieſu criſt hatte ⁊ te hali gaſt. godd aſ þe oðer þreo ant nawt þreo godes ah iſ an euer ihwer untwemet. he þe kingene king helle bule haueð ouercumen te dei belial baldeſt of helle. ⁊ þi ſire ſathan *þat* tu leueſt uppon ant for feder haldeſt ant aſ on lauerd leueſt ant hiſ heste forðeſt ant wel bicumeð to donne ant ſemeð to beon ſwuch ſtreon ſ of aſwuch ſtrunðe ant euer beo acurſet colt of ſwuch cunde. ah þe mihti godd *þat* ich á munne he ſende me mihte ⁊ mein from þe heouene

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grew somewhat weary, and pulled him with the chain with immense swiftness, and cast him forth after that from her into a pit of filth. Came boldly forth before the reeve, as he sat on his judgment-seat, with her face all shining, as bright as the sun. To the reeve, as he saw this, it seemed a great wonder, and he began to say, "Juliana the blessed, tell me and be a true informant, where were thy witchcrafts taught thee that thou makest no account of torment of any kind, nor dreadest any death, nor any living devils?"

She comes boldly before the reeve on his judgment-seat. He asks her where she learnt her witchcrafts.

"Hear me, heathen hound; I praise God, three in one, ever undivided, who this day has overcome Belial, boldest of hell."

"Hear me, heathen hound," quoth the blessed maiden, "I extol and praise God the Father and his wondrous Son, called Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, God as the other; three, but not three Gods, but is one ever everywhere undivided; he, the king of kings, hath overcome to-day a bull of hell, Belial, boldest of hell, and thy sire Satan that thou believest on and holdest for father, and believest on as lord, and performest his behest, and well it becomes (thee) to do; and beseems to be such a progeny of such a race. And ever be accurst colt of such a kind (birth). But the mighty God whom I ever remember, may he send me might and main from heaven

wergede ſumhwet. ⁊ reat hit wiꝺ þe raketehe vnrudeliche ſwiꝺe. ⁊ weorp him forꝺ from hire awei into a put of fulꝺe, com baldeliche forꝺ biuore þe reue aſ he ſet on hiſ dom ſeotle ſchiminde hire nebſcheaft ſchene aſ þe ſunne. þe reue þa he ſeh hire. þuhte muche ſullich ⁊ bigon to ſeggen. Juliene ſei me ⁊ beo ſoꝺ cnaweſ. hwer were þe itaht þeoſe wicche-creſteſ. *þat* tu ne teleſt na tale of nanes cunneſ tintreohe. ne ne dredeſt nowꝺer deaꝺ ne cwike deoflen.

[H]er me heaꝺene hund q*uo*ꝺ *þat* eadi meiden. Ich heie ⁊ herie godd feader. ⁊ hiſ ſulliche ſune ih*es*u c*ri*ſt hatte ⁊ te hali gaſt. godd aſ þe oþre þreo. ⁊ nawt þreo godeſ. Ah iſ eau*er* an. ⁊ ihwer untweamet. He kempene king haueꝺ to dei, ouercumen helles bule belial baldeſt of alle. ⁊ ti fire ſathanaſ *þat* tu leueſt up on. ⁊ ti feader hateſt. ⁊ hiſ heaſte forꝺeſt. ⁊ wel bi ſemeꝺ þe to beon. ⁊ bikimeꝺ to beo ſtreon of a ſwuch ſtrunde. Ah eau*er* beo acurſet colt of ſwuch cunde. þe mihti mildfule godd *þat* ich aa munne. ȝef me mihte of heo*uene *[Fol. 51b.]

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grew somewhat weary, and pulled him wiþ þe chain very rudely and flung him forꝺ away from her into a pit of filꝺ. Boldly she came before þe prefect as he ſat on his tribunal, wiþ her face shimmering sheen as þe sún. To þe prefect when he saw her it seemed very strange, and he began to say: "Juliana, tell me, and be a true informant; where were gotten for þee þese witeliecrafts? þat þou makest no account of any kind of torture, and dreadest neiþer deaꝺ nor living devils."

Juliana addresses the prefect in terms impolite.

"Hear me, heaꝺen hound," quoꝺ þat blessed maiden. "I glorify and praise God þe Faþer, and his wondrous Son, Jesus Christ by name, and þe Holy Ghost, God as þe oþers. Ðree but not ꝺree Gods, but always One and every way indivisible. He, þe King of Sabaoꝺ, haꝺ to day overcome a bull of hell, Belial, boldest of hell, and þy sire, Satanas, on whom þou believest, and whom þou callest þy faþer, whose hest þou performest; and well it beseemeꝺ and becomeꝺ þee to be begotten of such a race. But ever be accursed, colt of such a strain, þe mighty mild God, whom I ever remember, gave me power from heaven,

me forto helpen ant him forto herien. ant þe forte ſchenden ant tu *þaţ* ſchucke art! ſchucken herien ant heien. weilawei! as þu were iboren wrecche owraðer time. *þat* ti ſawle ⁊ þi ſari gaſt ſchal wið þe ſchucke pleiferen pleien in helle. Reue areow þe ſeoluen unſeli mon biſih þe hei godd ant her me. criſt if ſo milzful *þat* he walde bliðeliche alle monne heale: ah hwa ſe obote nule gan! ne ſchal he beon iborhen. ȝe quod he haldeſtu ȝet uppon þi gencling. weneſtu *þat* we beon
•[Leaf 66.] *ſo eð to biwihelen ah we ſchulen nu iſeon hu þe ſchulen ſutele*n* þine wichecrefteſ. ⁊ witen þe ant werien. ⁊ lette owode wiſe a ſwiðe wunderfule hweol meten ant makien ⁊ *þurh* ſpiten hit al ſpake*n* ant uelien ⁊ þreuald þicke mid irnene gadien. kene te keoruen al *þat* ha rineð to aſ neil cniueſ. *þat* axtreo ſtod iſtraht on twa half in te twa ſtanene poſtles. *þat* hit aſ hit turnde ne ouer teoc nowðer abuuen ne bineoðen to þer eorðe. griſen him mahen þet ſehen hu hit grond in hwet ſo hit rahte

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to help me, both to praise him and to disgrace thee; and thou that art a devil to praise and extol devils. Well away! since thou wert born, wretch, in evil time, that thy soul and thy sorry ghost shall play with the devils playfellows in hell. Reeve, have pity on thyself. Unhappy man, regard the High God, and hear me. Christ is so merciful that he would gladly have all men saved; but whoso will not go to repentance, he shall not be saved." "Yea," quoth he, "holdest thou still to thy jangling? Supposest thou that we are so easy to deceive? But we shall now see how thy witchcrafts shall manifest thee, and protect and defend thee." And on a mad wise he caused a very wonderful wheel to be measured and made, and all spitted through, spokes and fellies, and threefold thick, with iron goads, keen to carve all that they touch, as nailknives. The axletree stood stretched on two sides into two stone posts, so that, as it turned, it ran neither above, nor beneath to the earth. They might be horror-stricken who saw how it ground in whatsoever it reached.

"Alas! that thou wert born, for thy soul shall be the devils playfellow in hell."

A wonderful wheel is made, spiked with iron goads, keen to carve all that they touch.

him forte hearmin. ⁊ te forte ſchenden. ⁊ makien to ſcheomien.. *þat* ſchalt ſwucche ſhuken. heien ⁊ herien. weila aſ þu were iboren wrecche owraðe time. *þat* ti ſari ſawle. ⁊ ti ſorhfule gaſt ſchal wið ſwucche ploiueren pleien *in* helle. Reue areow þe ſeoluen. Vnſeli mon biſih þe. hei godd ⁊ her me. ihesu if ſe miliful *þat* he walde bliðeliche heouenef heale to alle. Ah hwa ſe obote ne geað ne ſchal he beon i borhen.

[3]e quoð eleuſiuſ haldeſt tu ȝetten up o þi ȝuhelunge: weneſt tu *þat* we beon ſe eð to biwihelin. Ah we ſchulen iſeo nu: for hit ſchal ſone ſutelin hu þi wichecreft ſchal wite þe. ⁊ werien. ⁊ lette o wodiwiſe a ſwiðe wunderlich hweol meten. ⁊ makien ant þurh ſpitien hit al wið ſpaken ⁊ felien þicke ⁊ þreofalt wið irnene gadien. kene to keoruen. al *þat* ha rinen to; ase neil cniueſ. ⁊ ſtod þe axtreo iſtraht o twa half in to ſtanene poſtleſ. *þat* hit. aſ hit turnde ne ou*er* toke nohwer bineoðen to þer eorðe. gr*iſen* him mahte *þat* ſehe hu hit gront in to hwet ſe hit of rahte.

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him to harm and þee to disgrace, and bring to shame; þou þat art þyself devil to praise and glorify devils. Well away! since þou wert born, wretch, in time of wrað, þat þy sorry sowl and þy sorrowful ghost shall wiþ such playfellows play in hell. Reeve, berue þyself. Unseely man, regard þe High God, and hear me, Jesu is so merciful þat he would gladly give heavens salvation to all: but whosoever will not proceed to repentance, he shall not be protected."

Eleusius holds her to be dealing in witchcraft,

"Yea," quoð Eleusius, "dost þou hold still to þy cuckoo cry? Weenest þou þat we are so easy to deceive? But we shall see now; for it shall soon be plain, how þy witchcraft shall protect and ward þee." And in a frantic manner he had a wonderful wheel designed and constructed, and spitted all þrough wiþ spokes and fellies, ðick and ðreefold, and wiþ iron goads keen to cut all þat þey touched like nail knives (*now penknives*): and þe axletree stood stretched on its two sides into stone posts, so þat, as it turned, it overreached nowhere beneað to þe earð. One might be filled wiþ horror, who saw it how it ground into whatsoever it reached.

and constructs a new engine of torment.

ant me brohte hire forð af belialef budel het ant bunden hire þerto harde ⁊ hetefeſte. ant dude on eiðer half fore of hif cnihtef. forte turnen *þat* hweol on þe edie meiden. wið hondlen imaket þron ſo ſwiðe af ha mahten. þe reue het on liue ant oleomen ſwingen hit ſwiftliche abuten ant tidliche turnen. ⁊ heo af þe feond ſputte ham te don hit. duden hit unſparlich.[1] *þat* ha bigon te breoken al af *þat* iſtelet irn: to limede hire ant te leac liðe ba ant lire. burſten hire banef ⁊ *þat* meari weol ut: imenget wið blode. þer ha mahten ſar iſeon alle *þat* ter ſeten ⁊ abuten weren.

[1] MS. unswarlich.

AS ha ȝeide to godd ant walde aȝeuen hire gaſt into hif honden ſo þer lihtinde com an engel of heouene. ⁊ reat to *þat* hweol. ſwa *þat* hit al to refde ⁊ burſten hire bondes ⁊ breken alle clane ant heo af fichf al af þah ha nefde hurtes *nowher ifelet. feng þuf to þonken godd wið honden upaheuene.

*[Leaf 66, back.]

Juliana is bound to the wheel by order of the reeve; and his men turn it upon her, so that she is cut to pieces, both flesh and bone.

And she was brought forth, as Belials beadle bad, and they bound her thereto hard and fast. And he set on either side four of his servants to turn the wheel upon the blessed maiden, with handles made thereon, as quickly as they could. The reeve bad (them) swing it swiftly round upon life and limbs, and rapidly turn it. And they, as the fiend spurred them to do it, did it unsparingly, so that she began altogether to break, as the steeled iron linbed her to pieces, and rent both joint and flesh; her bones burst, and the marrow welled out, mingled with blood. There they might see sorrow, all those that sat there and were around.

An angel comes down from heaven and destroys the wheel; Juliana is made whole as a fish.

As she cried out to God and was about to give up her ghost into his hands, there came alighting an angel from heaven, and reached out to the wheel, so that it all rove asunder, and her bands burst and broke all clean; and she, whole as a fish, as though she hurts had nowhere felt, began thus to thank God with hands uplifted :—

[M]e brohte hire uorð af belialef budel bet ⁊ bunden hire þerto hearde ⁊ heteueſte. he dude on eiðer half hire. fowre of hiſe cnihteſ. forte *turnen þat* hweol wið hondlen imaket þron o *þat* eadi *meiden ſe ſwiðe af ha mahten. ⁊ het olif. ⁊ oleomen ſwingen hit ſwiftliche. ⁊ *turnen* hit abuten. ⁊ heo af þe deouel ſpurede ham to donne. duden hit unſp*ar*liche. *þat* ha bigon to broken al af *þat* iſtelede irn ſtrac hire in. ou*er* al. ⁊ from þe top to þe tan. aa af hit *turnde*. to limede hire ⁊ to leac lið ba ⁊ lire. burſten hire baneſ. ⁊ *þat* meari bearſt ut imenget wið þe blode. þer me mahte iſeon alre ſorhene meaſt þe i*þat* ſtude ſtode. *[Fol. 52.]

[A]ſ ha ȝeide to godd. ⁊ walde aȝeouen hire gaſt in to hiſ honden; ſe þer lihtinde com an engel of heouene. ⁊ reat to þet hweol ſwa *þat* hit al to reafde. burſten hire bondeſ: ⁊ breken alle clane. ⁊ heo aſe fiſchhal af þah ha nefde nohwer hurteſ ifelet. feng to þonki *þus* godd wið honde*n* up aheuene.

She was fetched forð, as belials beadle bad, and þey bound her to þis hard and fast. He set on eiþer side of her four of his servants to turn þat wheel, wiþ handles fixed þereon, upon þat blessed maiden, as strongly as þey could, and bad þem whirl it swiftly upon life and limbs, and turn it about. And þey as þe devil spurred þem to do, did it unsparingly: so þat þey began to break her into fragments as þat steeled iron found its way into her; all over, from þe top to þe toes. Ever as it turned, it tore her limb from limb, and broke boð her joints and her flesh. Her bones cracked, and þe marrow burst out all mingled wiþ blood; þere men þat stood in þat place might see þe greatest of all sorrows. The maiden is cut to pieces.

As she cried to God and would surrender her spirit into his hands, þere came all lightening an angel from heaven, and reached out to þat wheel so þat it fell all to pieces: her bands broke, and flew clean to pieces, and she, as sound as a fish, as þough she had nowhere felt any hurts, began to ðank God þus wiþ hands upraised:— But an angel makes all riht.

DRihtin undedlich an godd al mihti al oðer unilich heouene wruhte ant eorðeſ ant alle iwrahe þingeſ þe ich þoncki to dei alle þine deden. þu makedeſt mon of lame. ant ȝeue liuiende gaſt ilich to þe ſeoluen ⁊ ſetteſt for hiſ ſake al *þat* iſ on eorðe. ah he for gulte him anan þurh eggunge of eue ⁊ weſ iput ut ſone of paraiſeſ prude ⁊ weox ſwa hiſ team *þat* ne mahte hit namon tellen. ant ſunegede ſwa ſwiðe *þat* tu hit forſenchteſt al in noeſ flode. buten ahte *þat* tu friðedeſt. þu chure ſoððen iþe alde lahe abráám. iſahac. ⁊ iacob. ⁊ hiſ children ȝeue to ioſep þe weſ ȝungeſt hap in pharaoneſ halle. longe þrefter þu leddeſt moyſen þurh *þat* tu muche luuedeſt buten brugge ant bat *þurh* þe reade ſea ant hiſ cunreden ⁊ feddeſtam fowrti ȝer iþe wildernesse wiðð heouenlich fode ⁊ wurpe under hare fet hare fan alle ⁊ brohteſt into *þat* lond þet tu ham bihete. þer weſ bi ſamueleſ dei ſaul þe forme king kempene keneſt. in an weorre þer he weſ þu dudeſt in þen

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"Almighty God, who madest man of clay, and gavest him a living spirit,

"Lord immortal, one God Almighty, all others unlike, wright (maker) of heaven and of earth, and all wrought (created) things, I thank thee to-day of all thy deeds. Thou madest man of loam (clay), and gavest him a living spirit, like to thyself, and settest for his sake all that is in earth. But he made himself guilty anon through instigation of Eve, and was soon put out from Paradises pride; and his progeny grew so that no man could count it, and sinned so greatly that thou sankest it all in Noahs flood, except eight whom thou sparedst. Thou chosest afterwards, in the old law, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and his children; gavest to Joseph, who was youngest, hap in Pharaohs hall. Long after that thou leddest Moses, whom thou much lovedst, without bridge and boat, through the Red Sea, and his kindred; and feddest them forty years in the wilderness with heavenly food, and castest under their feet all their foes, and broughtest them into the land that thou promisedst them. There was in Samuels day Saul the first king, boldest of warriors. In a war wherein he was, thou gavest the

thou chosest Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob;

thou leddest Moses and his people through the Red Sea without bridge or boat;

in Samuels day thou gavest

[D]Rihtin undeaðlich. an godd. almihti alle oþre unlich. heouene wruhte. ⁊ eorðeſ. ⁊ alle iwrahte þingeſ þe ich þonki to dei alle þine deden. þu makedeſt mon of lame. ⁊ ȝeue him liuiende ȝaſt ilich to þe ſeoluen. ⁊ ſetteſt for hiſ ſake al *þat* iþe worlt iſ. Ah he forgulte him anan þurh þe eggunge of eue. ⁊ weſ iput ſone ut of paraiſe ſelhðen. weox ſwa hiſ team her. ne mahte hit na mon tellen. Ah ſwa ſwiðe hit ſunegede. *þat* tu hit forſencteſt al in noeeſ flod bute eahte *þat* tu friðedeſt. þu chure *ſeoððen iþe alde lahe abraham. ⁊ iſaac. Jacob ⁊ hiſ children. ⁊ ȝeue to ioſeph. *þat* weſ þe ȝungeſte hap ipharaoneſ halle. longe þer efter þu leddeſt þurh moyſeſ *þat* tu ſe muchel luuedeſt. bute brugge ⁊ bat. þurh þe reade ſea al hiſ cunredden þear aſ al pharaoneſ forde fordrencte. ⁊ feddeſt ham fowrti ȝer iþe wilderneſſe. wiðð heouenliche fode. ⁊ wurpe under hare uet. hare fan alle. ⁊ brohteſt ham þurh iosue. into ieruſalemeſ lond *þat* tu ham bihete. þer wes i Samueleſ dei. Saul þe forme King kempene icoreneſt. In an weorre aſ he weſ. þu dudeſt i þe

*[Fol. 52b.]

"Lord Immortal, One God, Almighty, unlike all oþer, wright (*demiurgus*) of heaven and of earð and of all created þings, þee I ðank to day for all þy deeds. þou madest man of clay and gavest him a living spirit like þyself, and settest for his sake all þat is in þe world But he ruined himself by guilt anon þrough þe egging on of Eve, and was soon put out of þe joys of paradise. His progeny grew so þat no man could count it; but it sinned so much þat þou sankest it all in Noahs flood except eight persons whom þou sparedst. Afterwards þou chose under þe old dispensation Abraham and Isaac, Jacob and his children, and gave to Josef, who was þe youngest, good luck in Faraohs hall. Long after þat þou leddest by Moses, whom þou so much lovedst, wiþout bridge or boat, þrough þe Red Sea all his kindred, where all Faraohs army was drowned; and þou feddest em forty years in þe wilderness wiþ heavenly food, and cast under þeir feet all þeir foes, and broughtest em by Joshua into Jerusalems land, which þou promisedst þem. þere in time of Samuel was Saul þe first king, most approved of warriors; in a war he was engaged in, þou grantedst to þe

Juliana makes an oration, summing up the Old and New Testaments.

lutle dauiȝ þe ſelhe *þat* he ſloh him wiȝ a ſtan to deaȝe. þene ſtronge gulie ant reddeſt him to rixlen in ſawmueleſ riche þuſ þu makeſt milde alle þeo muchele *þat* makeȝ ham meoke ant þeo þet heieȝ ham her leiſt ham ſwiȝe lahe. þer *efter þa þe þuhte iþoncket beo hit þe. lihteſt hider of heouenlich leomen ⁊ nome blod ⁊ ban iþe mere meiden ant were in bethlehem iboren moncun to heale ant to þe hirden ſchawdeſte: *þat* te engel to þe tahten ant of þe þreo kingeſ were kinewurȝliche iwurget. weoxe ant wrahteſt wundreſ. ah her þu were ioffret ⁊ wiȝ lake aleſet ant iflum iurdan of ſein iuhan ifulhet. þu heldeſt al unheale ant deade of deaȝe. alaſt aſ þe biluuede. þu leteſt an of þe tweolue *þat* tu icoren hefdeſt chepin þe ant ſullen. ant þoledeſt pinen ant paſſiun þurh giweſ read on rode. deideſt ⁊ were idon dead in þruh of ſtane ant ſtepe adun ⁊ ſtrupteſt[1] helle. ariſe ant þin ariſte cuddeſt þine icorne ⁊ ſtihe abuuen þe ſteorren to þe heſte heouene ant cumeſt king odomeſ dei. to demen cwike [⁊] deade.

*[Leaf 67.]

[1] MS. sruptest.

David the victory over the great Goliah

little David the happiness to slay to death with a stone the strong Goliah, and appointedst him to rule in Samuels kingdom. Thus thou, Mild (God), makest great all they that make themselves meek, and those that exalt themselves here, thou layest them very low. Afterwards, when it seemed good to thee, thanks be to thee for it, thou descendedst hither from heavenly beams, and tookest blood and bone in the tender maiden, and wert born in Bethlehem for salvation of mankind, and showedst thyself to the shepherds whom the angel taught about thee, and by the three kings wert royally honoured. Grewest and wroughtest wonders, but here thou wert offered and redeemed with a gift, and baptized in the river Jordan by St. John. Thou healedst all unhealth and (raisedst) the dead from death. At last, when it pleased thee, thou lettest one of the twelve that thou hadst chosen barter thee and sell thee, and sufferedst pains and passion, through Jews counsel, on the cross; diedst and wert laid dead in a grave of stone, and descendedst and striptest hell; arosest and madest known thy resurrection to thy chosen, and ascendedst above the stars to the highest heaven; and wilt come, as king, on doomsday to judge quick and dead.

Thou wert born in Bethlehem and royally honoured by the three kings; baptized in Jordan by St. John, sold by one of thy chosen, crucified by the Jews, and laid in a grave of stone.

Thou rosest again and ascendedst above the stars, whence thou shalt come as judge of quick and dead.

lutle dauiƺ þe ſelhƺe. *þat* he ſlong ⁊ of ſloh wiƺ a ſtan to deaƺe þe ſtronge Golie. ⁊ readdeſt him to rixlen iſauleſ riche. *þus* þu makeſt milde godd alle þeo muchele; þe makicƺ ham meoke. ⁊ þeo þe heiƺ ham her: leiſt ſwiƺe lahe. þrefter þo þe þuhte iþonket hit beo þe. lihteſt hider to uſ of heouenliche leomen. ⁊ nome blod ⁊ ban i *þat* meare meiden. ⁊ were i beƺleem iboren moncun to heale. ⁊ to þe hirden ſchawdeſt te *þat* te engleſ to þe tahten ⁊ of þe þreo kingeſ were kinewurdliche iwurdget. weoxe ⁊ wrahteſt wundreſ. Ah ear þu were i offret ⁊ wiƺ lac aleſet. ⁊ i iordaneſ flum of ſein iuhan ifulhet; þu healdeſt alle unhale. ⁊ te deade. of deaƺe. Aleaſt aſ þe biluuede letteſt an of *þe tweolue *þat* tu hefdeſt icoren. chapi þe. ⁊ *[Fol. 53.] ſullen. ⁊ þoledeſt pine. ⁊ paſſiun. þurh giweſ read o rode. deideſt. ⁊ were idon dead. i þruh of ſtane. ſtepe adun. ⁊ ſtrupteſt. ⁊ herhedeſt helle. Ariſe. ⁊ þin ariſte cuddeſt þine icorene. ⁊ ſtuhe abuue þe ſteorren in to þe heſte heouene. ⁊ kimeſt king o domeſdei. to deme cwike. ⁊ deade.

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little David þe happiness to sling and slay wiþ a stone to deaƺ þe strong Goliah, and appointedst him to rule in Sauls kingdom. Þus, Mild God, þou makest all þose þat make much of þemselves meek, and layst very low þose who exalt þemselves here. After þis as it seemed good to þe, ƺanks be done to þee for it, þou descendedst hiþer to us from heavenly light, and took blood and bone in þat tender maiden, and wert born in Beƺlehem for mankinds salvation, and shewedst þyself to þe shepherds, whom þe angels instructed about þee, and wert royally honoured by þe ƺree kings (*of þe East*). Grew and wroughtst wonders. But before þat þou wert offered (*in þe temple*) and redeemed wiþ a gift and baptized by Saint John in Jordans stream. Þou healdest all infirm and raised þe dead from deaƺ who believed on þee. Þou permittedst one of þe twelve þat þou hadst chosen, to sell þee and make traffic of þee, and sufferedst pain and passion on þe cross by þe device of þe Jews; diedst and wert put dead into a coffin of stone; descendedst and strippedst and harrowedst hell; arose and madest known þy resurrection to þy chosen and ascendedst above þe stars into þe highest heaven; and shalt come, as king, on doomsday to judge quick and dead.

þu art hope of heale. ant þu art rihtwiſe weole. ⁊ ſunfule ſalue. þu art an *þat* al maht ant nult nawt bute riht. ibleſcet beo þu euer. þe ah euer euch þing to herien ant to heien. ⁊ ich do deore drihtin. þin an meiden *þat* am. ⁊ luuie to leouemon liuiende lauerd. þu haueſt for me ſwa muche iwraht wiðuten min offeruinge. beo nu bliſſful godd wið me. ⁊ were me wið þeſ deoules driueleſ. ant wið alle hiſ creſteſ. þu wurch ſwuche wundreſ for me ⁊ *[Leaf 67, back.] for þi deorewurðe nome *þat* te reue rudni. ⁊ *ſheomie wið hiſ ſchucke ant tu beo iwurget áá wiðuten ende af þu art wurðe from worlde into worlde amen.

Wið þiſ *þat* ha ſtutte ſtoden þe cwelleres ant ȝeiden lude ſtefne. Mihti lauerd if þe *þat* iuliane on leueð. ne nis nan godd buten he we beoð wel icnawen. Reue uſ reoweð *þat* ſið *þat* we ſo longe habbeð ileuet þine reades. ⁊ wenden alle aneſ weiſ abuten ſif hundret þe ſtoden ant ȝeiden alle in ane ſtefne. luuewurðe wummon we wendeð alle to him *þat* tu on truſteſt. Forloren beo þu reue wið falſe bileaue. ⁊ ibleſcet beo ihe/u criſt mid alle hiſ icorne do þu

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Thou art hope of salvation, and thou art weal of the righteous and salve of the sinful. Thou art one who canst do all and wilt do naught but right. Blessed be thou ever; thee ought everything to praise and to extol, and I do, dear Lord, who am thy maiden alone, and love thee as leman, living Lord. Thou hast wrought so much for me without my deserving. Be now with me, blissful God, and defend me against the devils drudges, and against all his crafts. Work thou such wonders for me, and for thy precious name, that the reeve may redden and be ashamed of his devil, and that thou mayst be honoured ever without end, as thou art worthy, from age to age. Amen."

Blessed be thou ever; thou hast wrought much for me;

work now such wonders for me, that thou mayest be honoured evermore. Amen."

Hereupon, when she stopped, the executioners stood and cried with loud voice: "Mighty Lord is he on whom Juliana believes, nor is there any God but he, we do indeed acknowledge. Reeve, we rue the course, that we so long have believed thy counsels." And they turned all in one way, about five hundred, who stood and cried all with one voice, "Loveworthy woman, we all turn to him on whom thou trustest. Be thou lost, reeve, with false belief; and blessed be Jesus Christ with all his chosen. Do thou

The executioners acknowledge Julianas God,

þu art hope of heale. þu art rihtwiſeſ weole. ⁊ ſunfuleſ ſalue. þu art an *þat* al maht. ⁊ nult nawt bute riht. Ibleſcet beo þu eaure. þe ah eau*er* euch þing heien ⁊ herien. ⁊ ich do deore drihtin þi meiden an *þat* ich am. ⁊ luuie þe to leofmon luuewende lau*er*d. *þat* haueſt ſe muche for me iwraht. wiþ ute mine wurþeſ. Beo mi bliſſule godd wiþ me. ⁊ wite me wiþ þe deoueleſ drigueleſ. ⁊ wiþ hare creſteſ. þurch ȝet ſwucche wundreſ for þi deorewurþe nome. *þat* te reue rudni ⁊ ſcheomie wiþ hiſ ſchucke. ⁊ tu beo aa iwurdget aſ þu art wurþe wurþmunt from worlde into worlde. Am*en* wiþ uten ende.

[W]iþ þiſ aſ ha ſtute ſtoden þe cwelleref. ⁊ ȝeiden lud ſteuene. Mihti lau*er*d iſ þe. *þat* Juliene on leueþ. ne niſ na godd buten he; we beoþ wel icnawen. Reue uſ reoweþ ure ſiþ *þat* we ſe longe habbeþ ileuet þine readeſ. ⁊ wenden alle aneſ weiſ abute fif hundret þe ſtoden ⁊ ȝeiden alle in a ſteuene. luuewurþe wu*m*mon. we wendeþ alle to *þat* godd. *þat* tu on truſteſt. *forlore beo þu reue wiþ falſe bileaue. ⁊ ibleſcet beo cr*iſt. ⁊ alle hiſ icorene. do *[Fol. 53, back.]

þou art hope of salvation; þou art weal of þe rightwise, and salve of þe sinful, þou art one þat art able to do all; and wilt do noþing but right. Blessed be þou ever: every þing ought to exalt and glorify þee, and so do I, dear Lord, þy maiden, alone as I am, and love þee for my lemman, Loving Lord, þat hast wrought so much for me wiþout worþ of mine. Be, O my Blissful God, wiþ me and protect me against þe devils drudges, and against þeir crafts, by such wonders still for þy precious name, so þat þe prefect may redden and be ashamed of his devil, and þou mayst be ever worshipped as þou art worþy of worship from age to age wiþout end. Amen."

Hereupon, when she stopped, þere stood þe executioners, and cried wiþ loud voice; "Mighty Lord is he on whom Juliana believeþ, nor is þere any God but he, we are well assured. Reeve, we are rueful for our course, þat we have so long believed þy counsels." And þey all turned in one wise, about five hundred who stood and cried all wiþ one voice; "Loveworþy woman, who convertest all to þat God, on whom þou trustest. þou wilt be lost *for ever*, prefect, wiþ *þy* false belief; and blessed be Christ and all his elect. Do þou

The executioners are converted

dedlich on uſ al *þat* tu don maht. Reue make uſ ananriht miſliche pinen. tend fur. ⁊ feche hweol ⁊ greiðe hwet ſo þu conſt grimliche biþenchen. forðe al þi feder wil þeſ feondeſ of helle. to longe he heold uſ aſ he halt te ȝet. ah we ſchulen heonne uorð halden to ieſu godeſ ſune moncun aleſent Swa þe reue gromede *þat* he griſpatede aȝein þet wod he walde iwurðen. ant ſende o wode wiſe to maximien þe heh keiſer in rome herof hwet he redde. ant he het euchan hefdes bikeoruen ant he lette ſwa don fif hundret bi tale of weopme*n* ⁊ of wummen an hundret ant þritti. euchan biuoren oðer forte beon hefdeſ bicoruen ant ferden alle martirſ feire to criſte. Elewſiuſ
*[Leaf 68.] lette hiſ men makien a muche fur *ant bed binden hire baðe fet ant honden ant caſten hire into þe brune þer forto bernen. aſ ha biſeh uppard. ant ſeh þene ley leiten. ha lokede to heouene wið honden up aheuene ant þuſ to criſte cleopede wið inwarde bone.

Mildheortfule godd milce þi meiden ne leaf þu me

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upon us, in deadly wise, all that thou canst do. Reeve, make for us quickly various torments; light a fire, and fetch a wheel, and prepare whatsoever thou canst savagely devise; perform all thy fathers will, the fiend of hell: too long he held us, as he holds thee still. But we shall,
saying they will henceforth hold to Jesus, the Son of God. henceforth, hold to Jesus, Gods Son, Redeemer of mankind." The reeve was so angered, that he gnashed his
The reeve is so angered, that he gnashes his teeth. teeth again, so that he would become mad; and sent on mad wise to Maximianus, the high emperor in Rome, about this, what he would advise; and he bad (him) cut off each ones head. And he had five hundred in number of men served so, and of women a hundred and thirty. Each one (pressed on) before other to be be-
Eleusius has a great fire made, into which Juliana, bound hand and foot, is thrust. headed, and went, all martyrs, fairly to Christ. Eleusius caused his men to make a great fire and bad them bind her, both feet and hands, and cast her into the burning, there for to burn. As she looked upward and saw the flame
She prays blaze, she looked to heaven with hands uplifted, and thus to Christ called with inward prayer:—

"Mildhearted God, pity thy maiden; leave thou me

nu deadliche on uſ al *þat* tu do maht. make uſ reue ananriht miſliche pinen ontend fur ꝛ feche hweol. greiðe on tentd MS.
al *þat* [þu] conſt grimliche biþenchen. forðe al þi feaderſ wil þeſ feondeſ of helle; to longe he heold uſ af he halt te nuðe. Ah we ſchulen heonne forð halden to ihesu godeſ kinewurðe ſune moncun aleſent. ſwa þe reue gromede *þat* he griſtbetede wod he walde iwurðen. ꝛ ſende o wodi wiſe forð to maximien. þe mihti caiſere of rome her of; hwet he readde. ꝛ he ham het euch fot heafdes bikeoruen. fif hundret itald of wepmen ꝛ of wimmen an hundret ꝛ þritti þrungen euchan biuoren oðer forte beo bihefdet ꝛ ferden alle martyrſ wið murhðe to[1] heouene. [1] criste *crossed through.*

[E]leuſiuſ þe hwile lette hiſ men makien a muche fur mid alle. ꝛ bed binden hire ſwa þe fet ꝛ te honden. ꝛ keaſten hire in to þe brune cwic to forbearnen. Aſ ha lokede up. ꝛ ſeh þiſ lei leiten: biheolt towart heouene. wið honden aheuene. ꝛ *þus* to criſt cleopede.

[N]e forleaf þu me nawt nu iþiſ nede lauerd of liue. mildheortfule godd milce me þi meiden. ꝛ mid ti

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now all deadly *deeds* on us, which þou hast power to do. Contrive for us anon, reeve, various pains; light up a fire; fetch a wheel. Prepare all þat þou canst savagely ðink of; furþer all þy faþers will, þe fiend of hell: too long he held us *in bondage* as he holds þee now, But we, henceforð, shall hold to Jesu, Gods Royal Son, Redeemer of mankind." þe reeve was so angered þat he ground his teeð, and would go mad, and sent in a mad manner to Maximianus, þe mighty Kaisar of Rome, about þis, what he would recommend; and he bid him carve off þe head of every one, five hundred counted up, men and women. One hundred and ðirty pressed on, each before þe rest, to get beheaded, and all went martyrs wiþ joy to heaven. They are martyred.

Eleusius, mean while, caused his men to make a very big fire; and bad þem bind her, feet and hands, and cast her into þe fiery heat, to burn *her* up alive. When she looked up and saw þis flame flare, she cast her eyes to heaven wiþ uplifted hands, and þus to Christ cried. Eleusius prepares a fire.

"Abandon me not now in þis need, Lord of Life: mild-hearted God, be merciful to me þy maiden, and wiþ þy Julianas prayer.

neauer nu in þiſ neode ah mit ti ſofte grace ſalue mine ſunnen. Ieſu mi ſelhðe ne warp þu me neauer ut of þin ehſihðe. bihald me ant help me ant of þiſſe reade leye ref me arude me *þat* þeoſ unſelie ne þurue nawt ſeggen. þi lauerd þet tu luueſt ant ſchulde þi ſcheld beon hwer iſ he nu meiden. Nefde ha buten iſeid ſwa *þat* an engel ne com briht aſ þah he bernde ant i*þat* ferliche fur amidden riht lihte ant hit cwenchte anan euer euch ſperke. ant heo ſtod unweommet heriende hire hehe healent wiðð lude ſtefne.

ÞE reue ſeh hit acwenct ant bigon te cwakien ſwa grimliche him gromede ant ſet *þat* balefule beaſt as an burſt bar. *þat* grunde hiſ tuſkeſ. ant feng on to femin ant te griſpatien o þiſ meoke meiden. ant þohte on hwucche wiſe he mahte hire awelden ant lette fecchen a feat. ⁊ wiðð pich hit fullen ant heaten hit walm hat. ant

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never, now in this need; but with thy soft grace salve my sins. Jesus, my happiness, cast me never out of thine eyesight, behold me and help me, and from this red flame snatch me, deliver me that these unhappy men need not say, 'Thy Lord whom thou lovest, and who should be thy shield, where is he now, maiden?'" She had but said so when an angel came, bright as though he burned; and in that strange fire, right in the midst, alighted and quenched it anon, every spark. And she stood unblemished, praising her high Saviour with loud voice.

to be delivered from the flame for the sake of the bystanders.

An angel comes, and lighting in the midst of the fire, quenches every spark.

The reeve saw it quenched, and began to quake; so savagely was he angered. And the baleful beast sat, as a bristled boar that ground his tusks, and began to foam and to grind his teeth at this meek maiden; and thought in what wise he might overpower her. And caused a vessel to be fetched and filled with pitch, and heated boiling-hot; and

The reeve, seeing the fire quenched, begins to grind his teeth, and foam at the mouth.

ſofte *gra*ce ſalue mine ſunnen. ihe*s*u mi ſelhðe ne warp þu me nawt ut of þin ehſihðe. bihald me ant help me. ⁊ of þiſ reade lei reaf ⁊ arude me. ſwa *þat* *teſ unſeli ne þurue nawt ſeggen. þi lau*e*rd þat* tu leueſt on. ⁊ ſchulde þi ſcheld beon. hwer iſ he nuðe. ne bidde ich nawt drihtin þiſ for deaðeſ dredneſſe. Ah falſe ſwa hare lahe. ⁊ feſtne iþine icorene treowe bileaue. ſchwau nu mihti godd þi meinfule mahte. ⁊ hihendliche iher me iheiȝet. ⁊ ihere[t] aa on ecneſſe. *[Fol. 54.]

[H]efde ha bute iſeid ſwa; *þat* an engel ne com ſe briht aſ þah he bearnde. ⁊ to *þat* ferliche fur. i*þat* lei lihte ⁊ acwente hit anan. eau*er* euch ſp*ar*ke. ⁊ heo stod unhurt þer amidheppeſ heriende ure healent wiðð heheſte ſteuene. þe reue ſeh hit acwenct ⁊ bigon to cwakien. ſe grundliche him gromede. ⁊ ſet te balefule beaſt: aſ eau*er* ei iburſt bar. *þat* grunde hiſ tuſkeſ. ⁊ fen[g] on to feamin. ⁊ *g*riſt-beatien *g*riſliche up o þiſ meoke meiden. ⁊ þohte wiðð hwuch meſt wa. he mahte hire awealden. ⁊ het fecchen aueat. ⁊ wiðð pich fullen. ⁊ wallen hit walm hat. ⁊

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soft grace salve my sins. Jesu, my joy, cast me not out of þy presence, regard me and help me, and snatch me and rid me out of þis red flame, so þat þis unseely one need not say, 'þy Lord on whom þou believest, and who should be þy shield, where is he now?' I ask not þis, O Lord, for dread of deaðð, but do þou þus falsify þeir creed and fasten in þine elect þe true faiðð; display now, Mighty God, þy mainful might, and forðwiþ hear me, þou extolled and glorified ever to all eternity!"

She had but so said, when an angel came, as bright as if on fire, and alighted amidst þat perilous fire, in þat flame, and quenched it anon, every spark of it; and she stood at amidhips, *up to þe waist*, unhurt, praising our Saviour wiþ voice on highest. þe prefect saw it quenched and began to quake, so it angered him to þe bottom *of his soul*, and þere sat þe baleful beast, as ever a bristly boar, agrinding his tusks, and beginning to foam and grind his teeðð grisly upon þe meek maiden; and ðought how wiþ most woe he could get upper hand of her: and he bid fetch a vessel, and fill it wiþ pitch and heat it boiling hot, and

An angel quenches the fire.

Eleusius orders a pitchbath.

*[Leaf 68, back.] het warpen hire þrin *hwen hit wodelukeſt weolle. aſ me dude hire þrin: ha cleopede to drihtin ant hit colede anan ant warð hire aſ wunſum. aſ euer eni wlech weter. *þat* were iwlaht te baðien. ant leop wallinde hat up aȝein þeo ilke *þat* hit hefden iȝarket. ant for ſcaldede of ham ſeoluen fifti ant tene. ant fordude fifti al italde. þa þe reue iſeh þiſ: he rende hiſ claðes ant tóc him ſeoluen bi þe top. ⁊ feng to ſiten hiſ mawmez ⁊ laſten hiſ lauerd. Swiðe quoð he ut of min ehſihðe. *þat* ich ne ſeo hire na mare er þe bodi wið þe buc beo iſundret from hire heauet.

SOne aſ ha þiſ iherde ha herede godd in heouene. ⁊ warð ſwiðe gled. For þet heo iwilnet hefde me ledde hire. [⁊] hleac forð ant heo weſ eð-luke aſ ha ſtutte oþe stude þer ha ſchulde deð drehen. þa com þe ilke belial of helle. *þat* ha hefde ibeaten hire bihinden. ant gon to ȝeien. a: ſtalewurðe men ne ſparie ȝe nawiht.

Juliana is put into a vessel full of boiling pitch; it soon cools and becomes as pleasant as a warm bath to her, though it leaps up and scalds her tormentors.

bad cast her therein when it should boil most furiously. As she was put therein, she called upon the Lord, and it cooled anon, and became as pleasant to her as ever any lukewarm water, that were warmed to bathe (in). And it leapt up, boiling hot, against those same who had prepared it, and badly scalded of themselves fifty and ten, and destroyed fifty, all counted.' When the reeve saw this, he rent his clothes and took himself by the hair, and began to quarrel with his idols and blaspheme his Lord.

The reeve orders her to be taken out of his sight.

"Quickly," quoth he, "out of my eyesight, that I may see her no more, ere the body with the trunk be sundered from her head."

When she reaches the place of execution, Belial comes behind her and encourages her persecutors.

As soon as she heard this, she praised God in heaven and became very glad, for she had desired that. She was led and lugged forth, and she was easy to lug. As she stopped in the place where she was to suffer death, then came that same Belial of hell, that she had beaten, behind her, and began to cry, "Ah! stalwart men, spare not;

het warpen hire þrin. hwen hit meaſt were iheat ⁊ wodelukeſt weolle.

[A]s me dude þrin. ha cleopede to drihtin. ⁊ hit colede anan. ⁊ warð hire aſe wunſum aſ þah hit were a wlech beað iwlaht for þen aneſ in forte beaðien. ⁊ ſmat up aȝein þeo þe iȝarket hit hefden. ⁊ for ſchaldede of ham aſ hit up ſcheat; *alle italde bitale. ſeoue ſiðe tene. ⁊ forðre ȝet fiue. þa þe reue þis iſeh; rende hiſe claðeſ ⁊ toc him ſeolf bi þe top. ⁊ feng to f[l]iten[1] hiſ feont. ⁊ laſtin hiſ[1] lauerd. *[Fol. 54, back.] [1] fiten in both MSS.

Swiðe quoð he. wið hire ut of min ehſihðe. þat ich ne ſeo hire nawt heonne forð mare. ear þe buc of hire bodi. ⁊ tet heaued liflefe liggen iſundret. Sone ſe ha þiſ iherde; ha herede goð of heouene. ⁊ warð utnume glead; for þiſ ha hefde iwilnet. me leadde hire ⁊ leac forð. ⁊ heo weſ eðluke. Aſ ha ſtutte iþat ſtude. þer þe fordemde ſchulden deað drehen; þa com þe illke belial þat ha hefde ibeaten feorren to bihinden ⁊ bigon to ȝeien. Aſtalewurðe men ne ſpearie ȝe hire nawiht.

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ordered her to be cast þerein, when it should be heated hottest and were boiling most fiercely.

When men put her þerein, she cried to þe Lord, and it cooled anon, and became as winsome to her as if it were a warm bað, tempered for þat once to baþe in; and it flew up against þem who had prepared it and badly scalded some of þem as it dashed up, all told by tale, seven times ten, and furþer yet five. When þe reeve saw þis, he rent his cloþes and seized himself by þe hair, and began to flite at his fiends (or mammets) and blasfeme his lord. But the pitch cools to her.

"Quick!" quoð he, "wiþ her out of my sight, þat I may see her henceforð no more, till þe trunk of her body lie lifeless sundered from þe head." As soon as she heard þis, she glorified þe God of Heaven, and became excessively glad, for þis she had wished. She was led and lugged forð, and she was easily (led): as she stopped in þat place where þe doomed must endure deað; þen came þe same belial þat she had beaten, far behind her, and began to cry, "Ah! stalwart men, spare her not, Eleusius orders her beheaded. The imp is forward.

ha haueð uſ alle ſcheome idon. ſchendeð hire nuðen ant ȝeldeð hire ȝarewborh ne ſtudgi ȝe neauer. Iuliane þe edie openede hire ehnen ant lokede toward him. ant te bali blenchte. ⁊ braid him aȝeinward af an iſchoten arewe.

*[Leaf 69.] wumme *þat* ich *libbe quoð he þa ich beo nunan ilaht ant ȝef ha kecheð me nu: ne findi neauer leche. igripe ha me enef: ne ga i neauer eft mare. ant leac him aȝeinward af a beore: þet unwiht. ne mahte him nawt letten. af ha ſchulde ſtupen ant ſtrecchen forð þe ſwire ha bed firſt ant feng on þuſ to learen þeo þet þer weren ant þus ſeide

Lvſteð me leoue men ant lideð ane hwile biwepeð. ⁊ bireowſeð ower ſunnen. ⁊ laſſeð wið ſoð ſchrift. ⁊ wið dedbote. leaueð ower unlahen. ⁊ bulðeð ower boldeſ uppon treowe ſtaðele *þat* ne dredeð na wind ne na weder nowðer. lokeð *þat* te heouenlich lauerd beo grundwal of al *þat* ȝe wurcheð.

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she has done us all shame; put her now to shame, and yield her ready bail; study ye never." Juliana the blessed opened her eyes and looked towards him; and the baleful one blenched and jerked himself backwards as a shotten arrow. "Woe is me, that I live!" quoth he then, "I shall now anon be caught, and if she catch me now, I shall never find a leech; let her once seize me, I shall never more go (out of the noose)." And he flung himself backward as a bear, that evil being, and could not hinder himself. When she was to stoop and stretch forth the neck, she first prayed, and began thus to teach those that were there, and thus said:—

But when Juliana looks at him, he is forced to retreat.

When about to suffer death, she teaches those about her: "Listen to me, dear men, leave your sins, and build on the true foundation,

"Listen to me, dear men, and hearken awhile. Lament and repent of your sins, and lessen them with true shrift, and with amendment; leave your evil customs, and build your buildings upon a true foundation, that dreads no wind nor weather either. Look that the heavenly Lord be foundation of all that ye work;

ha haueð uf alle ſcheome idon. ſchendeð hire nuðe. ȝeldeð hire ȝarow borh eft*er þat* ha wurðe is. Aſtale-
wurðe men doð hire biliue todeað buten abade.

Jvliene þe eadie openede hire ehnen ⁊ biheold towart him; af he *þus* ſeide. ⁊ tet beali blencte. ⁊ breid him aȝeinwart bihinden hare ſchuldren. af for a ſchoten arewe. wumme *þat* ich libbe *quo*ð he. ich beo nunan ilaht. Ah ilecche ha me eft: ne finde ich na leche. Igripe ha me eanef: ne ga i neau*er* mare. þrefter o grene. ⁊ leac him aȝeinwart af þe beare [þat] unhwiht in alre diche deofle wei ne mahte nawt letten. Af ha ſchulde ſtupin ⁊ ſtrecche forð *þat ſwire: ha bed firſt ⁊ feng on *þus* forte learen þeo þe þer weren. openenede MS. *[Fol. 55.]

Lvſteð me leoue men ⁊ liðeð ane hwile. Bireowſið ower ſunnen. ⁊ ſaluið wið ſoð ſchrift ⁊ wið deað bote. leaueð ower unlahan. ⁊ buldeſ up o treowe eorðe. *þat* ne dredeð na ual for wind ne for wedere. lokið þet te heouenliche lau*er*d beo grund wal of al *þat* ȝe wurcheð.

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she hað done us all shame; shend her now; yield her ready bail according as she's worð: ah! stalwart men, do her to deað belive, wiþout tarrying."

Juliana, þe blessed, opened her eyes and caſt a look towards him, as he þus said, and þe baleful one blenched, and jerked himself backwards behind þeir shoulders as if at a shotten arrow. "Wo is me! þat I live," quoð he, "I shall be now anon caught: but if she catch me again, I shall find myself no leech. Let her grip me once, I shall never more move after þat out of her noose." And he flung himself backwards, did þat evil one, as a bear, in all þe devils way, and could not hinder himself. When she was to stoop down and stretch forð her neck, she prayed a moments respite, and began þus to instruct þose þat were þere. The imp recoils.

"Listen to me, beloved men, and attend to me a while. Berue your sins and salve þem wiþ true shrift and wiþ repentance, abandon your ill customs and build upon safe ground, where one need not fear a fall for wind nor for weaþer. Have a care þat þe Heavenly Lord be þe foundation of all þat ye do, Juliana makes exhortation.

for *þat* ſtont ſtudelfaſt falle. cleopeð ȝeorne to godd in hali chirche *þat* he ȝeoue ow wit wel forte donne ant ſtrenge ow wið hiſ ſtrencðe aȝein þen ſtronge unwiht. *þat* ſeleð euer ⁊ áá ow forte ſwolhen. luſteð writen lare ant luuieð þrefter. wel if him *þat* wakeð wel in þiſ lutle hwile ⁊ witeð wel him ſeoluen. aut heorteliche ſikeð ofte for hiſ ſunnen. þiſ world weint awei aſ weter *þat* eorneð ant aſ imet ſweue*n* aſwindeð hire murhðen ant al niſ buten a leſ wind *þat* we liuieð. leaueð
*[Leaf 69, back.] þe leaſe ant luuieð þe ſoðe. for we ſchule*n* *leten þiſ liſ nute we neauer hwenne ant reope we of *þat* ripe ſed *þat* we ſeowen ſwiðe ich biſeche ow *þat* ȝe bidden for me! breðren ant ſuſtren ⁊ cuſte ham a coſ of peſ alle aſ ha ſtoden ant biheold uppard ant hehede hire ſtefne.

Lauerd godd al mihti þu luueſt treowe bileaue ne lef þu to þin ifan þin ilicneſſe. ah underfeng me to

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which stands fast, whatever else falls. Cry to God for strength.

for that stands stedfast, (whatever may) fall. Cry earnestly to God in holy church, that he give you wit to do well and strengthen you with his strength against the strong evil being, who lays snares ever and ay in order to devour you. Listen to the lore of scriptures and love it thereafter. It is well for him that watches well in this little while, and guards himself well and often sighs heartily for his sins. This world weﬁds away, as water that runs, and as a dreamt dream vanish its joys; and all that we live is but a false wind. Leave the false and love the true; for we must leave this life, we never know when, and we reap of that harvest seed that we have sown. Greatly I beseech you to pray for me, brethren and sisters." And she kissed them a kiss of peace, all as they stood, and beheld upward and raised her voice.

This world passes away like a running stream; its joys vanish like a dream."

She gives them a kiss of peace,

"Lord God, Almighty, thou lovest true belief; leave not thy likeness to thy foes, but receive me to

for *þat* ſtont ſtudeueſt falle. *þat* falle. ȝeieð to godd in hali chirche. *þat* he ȝeoue ow wit wel forte donne. ⁊ ſtrenge ow wiþ hiſ ſtrengðe. aȝein þe ſtronge unwiht *þat* ſekeð[1] eau*er*. ⁊ aa. ow to forſwolhen. luſtniþ luſtiliche hali writeſ lare. ⁊ liuieð *þref*t*er*. wel him þe wakeð wel. ⁊ i þiſ lutle hwile wit her him ſeoluen. ⁊ heorteliche ſikeð ofte for hiſ ſunnen. þiſ worlt we*n*t awei. aſ þe weat*er* þe eorneð. ⁊ aſe ſweuen imet aſwint hire murhðe. ⁊ al niſ bute a leaſ wind *þat* þe iþiſ worlt liuieð. leaueð *þat* leaſ iſ. ⁊ leoteð lutel þrof. ⁊ ſecheð *þat* ſoðe lif *þat* aa leaſteð. for þiſ lif ȝe ſchulen leoten. ⁊ nuten ȝe neau*er* hwenne. ⁊ reopen ripe of *þat* ſed *þat* ȝe her ſeowen. *þat* iſ underne ȝeld of wa. oðer of wunne. eft*er* ower werkeſ. Swiðe ich biſeche ow. *þat* ȝe bidden for me. breðren. ⁊ ſuſtren. ⁊ cuſte* ham coſſ of[2] peiſ alle aſ ha ſtoden. ant biheold up part. ant hehede hire ſteuene.

[1] seleð in both MSS.

[2] MS. of. *[Fol. 55, back.]

Lau*er*d godd almihti. ich þonki þe of þine ȝeouen. nim ȝeme to me nuðe. þu luueſt ouer alle þing treowe bileaue. ne lef þu neau*er* to þi va; þin ilicneſſe *þat* tu ruddeſt

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for þat will stand steadfast, happen what may. Cry to God in holy church, þat he give you wit to do well and strengðen you wiþ his strengð against þe strong evil one, who seekeð ever and aye to devour you. Listen wiþ pleasure to lore of Holy Writ and live by it. Well tis wiþ him þat watcheð well and in þis little while here guards himself, and oft sigheð heartily for his sins. Þis world passes away as þe water þat runneð; and its mirð vanishes away as a dream dreamt; and all þat lives in þis world is but a false wind. Leave what is false and esteem it but little, and seek þe true life which lasteð for ever. For þis life ye shall quit, and ye never know when, and shall reap a harvest from þe seed ye have sown: þat is to say, an open recompense of woe or of happiness according to your works. Much I beseech you þat ye pray for me, breþren and sisters," and she kissed þem boð a kiss of peace all as þey stood, and cast her eyes upwards and elevated her voice. "Lord God Almighty, I ðank þee for þy gifts, have a care for me now; þou lovest above all þings a true faið; never to þy foes leave þy likeness þat þou savedst

þe. ꝛ do me in þin englene hird wiꝺ meidneſ imeane. ich
aꝛeoue to þe mi gaſt drihtin. ꝛ wiꝺ *þat* ilke beide ꝛ def
duuelunge dun to þer eorꝺe ſone bihefdet. ant þe edie
engleſ wiꝺ hire ſawle ſinginde ſihen toward heouene.
ſoꝺꝺen ſone þerefter com a ſeli wummon ſophie inempnet.
bi nicomedeſ burh o rade toward rome. of heh cun akennet
ꝛ nom þiſ meideneſ bodi. ꝛ ber hit in a bat biwunden
deorliche in deorewurꝺe claꝺeſ. aſ ha weren in wettre com
a ſteorm ꝛ draf ham to londe into campaine. ꝛ þer lette
ſophie from þe ſea a mile ſetten a chirche ꝛ don hire bodi þrin
in ſtanene þruh hehliche aſ hit deh alhen to donne. þe reue

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and commends her soul to God. She sinks down to the earth; and the blessed angels bear her soul to heaven.

thyself and set me in thine angels host with company of maidens. I give up to thee my ghost, Lord." And with that same, she bent and sank sinkingly down to the earth, soon beheaded. And the blessed angels with her soul, singing, ascended toward heaven. Then soon after that came

Sophia takes the maidens body in a boat; and being driven to shore in Campania, causes the body to be put in a stone coffin.

a blessed woman, named Sophia, born of high kindred, by the city of Nicomedia on (her) road toward Rome; and took this maidens body and bore it in a boat, wound up dearly in precious cloths. When they were on water, a storm came and drove them to land, into Campania. And there, a mile from the sea, Sophia had a church set, and her (Julianas) body put therein in a stone coffin, solemnly, as it is right to do with saints. The reeve,

of deaȝ; þurh þi deaȝ o rode. ne let tu me neau*er* deien iþe eche deaȝ of helle. Vnderueng me to þe. ⁊ do me wiȝ þine. i*þat* englene hird wiȝ meideneſ imeane. Ich aȝeoue þe mi gaſt deorrewurȝe drihtin. ⁊ do hit bliſſule godd for þin ibleſcede nome to ro. ⁊ to reſte. wiȝ [þat[1]] ilke ha beide hire ⁊ beah duuelunge adun bihefdet to þer eorȝe. ant te eadie engleſ wiȝ þe ſawle ſinginde ſihen in to heouene.

[1] Not in MS.

Anan þrefter ſone. com aſeli wummon. bi Nichomedeſſe burh o rade towart rome. Sophie weſ inempnet of heh cun akennet. ⁊ nom þiſ meideneſ bodi. ⁊ ber hit in to hire ſchip biwunden ſwiȝe deorliche ideorrewurȝe claȝeſ. As ha weren iwatere. com a ſtrom *þat* te ſchip ne mahte na mon ſteorin. ⁊ drof ham to drue lond in to champaine þer lette ſophie. from þe ſea a mile. ſetten a chirche. ⁊ duden hire bodi þrin in a ſtanene þrûh hehliche aſ hit deh halhe to donne.

Þe reue ſone ſe he wiſte. *þat* ha weſ awei ilead. leup *for hihȝe wiȝ lut men into a bat ⁊ bigon to rowen *[Fol. 56.]

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from deaȝ by þy deaȝ on þe cross: nor let me ever die in þe eternal deaȝ of hell. Receive me to þyself and place me wiþ þy *saints* in þe company of angels together wiþ maidens. I surrender þee my spirit, precious Lord! and Blissful God, for þy Blessed Name, commit it to repose and rest." Wiþ þat same she bowed and bent herself sinkingly down, beheaded, to þe earȝ, and þer blessed angels wiþ þe soul ascended singing to heaven. She is beheaded.

Anon after þat soon, þere came a seely woman by Nicomedia on her way towards Rome, Sofia she was named, born of high kindred, and she took þis maidens body and bore it in her ship, wound very preciously in sumptuous raiment. While þey were on þe water, þere came a storm so þat no man could steer þe ship, and it drove þem to dry land into Campania. Þere Sofia had a church erected a mile from þe sea, and placed Julianas body þere in a stone coffin, as solemnly as it is fit to deposit a saint. Her body receives burial.

Þe prefect, as soon as he knew þat she was led away, leapt in hope wiþ his men into a boat, and began to row The prefect

þa he herde þiſ: bigon te rowen efter forte reauen hit ham: ⁊ iþe [ſea] ſenchte. for þer ariſen ſtormeſ ſtarcke ⁊ ſtronge ⁊ breken þe ſchipeſ bord. adrenchten on hare
[Leaf 70.] þrittuȝe ſum an þerto eke fowre. ant warp ham adriuen to þe londe. þer aſ wilde deor limel to luken ham ⁊ te unſeli ſawlen ſuncken into helle.

Þvſ *þat* edie meiden wende þurh pinen to heouenliche wunnen in þe nomecuȝe burh nicomede hatte oþe ſixtenȝe dei of feouereleſ moneȝ. þe fortende kalende of mearch *þat* cumeȝ efter. heo uſ erndi to godd þe grace of him ſeoluen. þet rixleȝ in þreohad. ⁊ þah iſ an untweamet iheret ant ihéiet wurȝe he him ane aſ he is wurȝe ant euer ah te beonne world abuten ende. AMEN.

The reeve rows after them; but his ship is broken, and he is drowned with thirty others.

when he heard this, began to row after to bereave them of it; and sank in the sea; for there arose storms, stark and strong, and broke the ships board, drowned some thirty of them, and also four besides; and drifted them to the land, where wild beasts rent them limb from limb, and the unhappy souls sunk into hell.

Thus the blessed maiden passed to heavenly joy at Nicomedia. May she intercede for us with God.

Thus the blessed maiden went through pains to heavenly joys, in the renowned city, called Nicomedia, in the sixteenth day of Februarys month, the fourteenth before the kalends of March that cometh after. May she intercede for us to God for the grace of himself, who reigns in three persons, and yet is one, undivided! Praised and exalted be he alone, as he is worthy, and ever ought to be, world without end! Amen.

ſwiftliche efter. forte reauin hit ham. ⁊ i þea ſea ſenchen. ⁊ ariſen ſtormeſ ſe ſterke ⁊ ſe ſtronge. þat te bordeſ of þiſ bat burſten ⁊ to breken. ⁊ te ſea ſencte him on hiſ þrituðe ſum ant þer to ȝet fowre. ⁊ draf him adrenchet dead to þe londe. þer aſe wilde deor limmel to luken ham. ⁊ to limeden eauer euch lið from þe lire. an te unſeli ſawlen ſunken to helle. to forſwelten iſar ⁊ iſorhe eauer.

Þvſ þe eadi iuliene wende þurh pinen. from worldliche weanen; to heouerichef wunnen iþe Nomecuðe burh Nicomede inempnet. i þe Sixtenðe dei of feouerrereſ moneð. þe fowrtuðe Kalende of mearch þat iſ ſeoððen. theis dai of februarye is the 14 kalend of marche.

Heo uſ erndi to godd. þe grace of him ſeoluen. þe rixleð in þreo had. ⁊ tah iſ untweamet iheret ⁊ iheiet beo he him ane aſ he weſ ⁊ iſ eauer in eche.

Hwen drihtin o domeſ dei windweð hiſ hweate. ⁊ weo[r]þð þat duſti chef to hellene heate. He mote beon a corn i godeſ guldene edene. þe turnde þiſ of latin to engliſche ledene. Ant he þat her leaſt. on wrat ſwa aſ he cuðe. Amen.

---

swiftly after *her body*, to fetch it by violence from þem, and sink it in þe sea; and þere arose storms so stark and so strong þat þe planks of þe boat burst and broke to pieces, and sank him in þe sea with ðirty oþers, and four more besides, and drove him when drowned dead to þe land; where wild beasts tore him limb from limb, and severed each joint from þe flesh, and þe unseely souls sunk to hell to perish in sore and in sorrow for ever. pursues her lifeless corpse, and is lost at sea.

Þus þe blessed Juliana passed þrough pains from temporal miseries to þe joys of þe kingdom of heaven, in þe famous town named Nikomedia, on þe sixteenð day of February, þe fourteenð of þe calends of March following. Date of her commemoration.

May she intercede for us for þe grace of Himself who reigneð in ðree persons and yet is undivided, glorified and extolled be He, One as He was, and is, and ever shall be.

When þe Lord on doomsday winnoweð his wheat and ðroweð þe dusty chaff to heats of hell, may he be an elect one in Gods golden Eden who turned þis out of Latin into þe English language: and he also, least in þis matter, who penned it as well as he was able. Amen. The translator prays for himself.

[In a sixteenth-century hand, at the bottom of page 56 of the Bodleian Text, is the following:]

Whan Judge at domesday dothe winnow his wheat
And drives dustye chaffe into hellishe heat
God make him a corne, in Eden to duell
That owt of latine this treatise did freat
And him that last wrote Amen. *A Maidwot* (?)

SEYN JULIAN

(THE LIFE OF ST. JULIANA),

From Ashmole MS. 43.

SEyn Julian com of heie men: as we fyndeþ iwrite.
Cristene stilliche he bicom: þat no mon ne scholde iwite.
Maximan het þe emperour: þat heþene was þo.
Alle cristenemen he dude to deþe: þat he miȝte of go.
A gret maister he hadde vnder him: þat het elise
He wolde þat Julian to him: iwedded scholde be.
Wiþ hire fader *and* moder he spek: so þat hi were at on.
Þo he wende to þis holi maide: and wende habbe is wille anon.
Swete sire quaþ. Seyn Juliane: it ne ualleþ noȝt to me
Bote þou were mon of more power: to be ispoused to þe.
Þis mon was glad uor þis word: to þe emperour he wende.
Noble ȝiftes he him ȝef: *and* fair present him sende.
So þat he made him vnder him: hext Justice of is londe.
To don *and* hote wat he wolde: uor is ȝift *and* uor is sonde.
Þis Justice wende to Juliane: þo is power was.
And wende hire habbe as is spouse: ac he failede of is as.
Þis maide him uaire vnswerde: leue sire heo sede
Bote we be boþe of one lawe: we ne mowe noȝt be of one rede
Cristene womman icham iwis: I ne reche ho it wite.
Bicome cristene for my loue: *and* me þou hast biȝiten.
Sori was þis luþer man: he nuste þo wat he miȝte.
Wuste þis he sede[1] þe emperour: he wolde luþer þe diȝte.
ȝif we cristene beþ boþe: we worþeþ sone dede.
Þenne our Ioie were al ido: þat we scholde to gadere lede.
Ihote[2] icham alle cristenemen: to deþe do vp myn oþe.
Þeruore lemmon turn þi poȝt: *and* haue reuþe of ous boþe.
Leue sire quaþ þat maide: ȝif þou art adrad:
Of þe emperour þat is erliche[3] man: iwis þou art amad.

[1] Read (he sede). "*if þe Emperor knew þis (said he).*
[2] "*Commanded.*" [3] "*Earðly.*"

Þei is power be non such ⁝ sone it wole ago.
Ac dred god *þat* power haþ ⁝ of ech *þing* eu*er*mo.
[Fol. 25*b*.] Swiþe sori was þis lu*þer* man ⁝ *þat* he ne mi3te hir*e* þo3t wende
To habbe *con*seil of hir*e* fad*er* ⁝ aft*er* hi*m* he let sende.
Þo hi to gader*e* come ⁝ to gader*e* hi made gret feste.
And fondede hir*e* clene þo3t ⁝ to chau*n*ge þoru uair biheste.
Þo hi speke uairest wiþ hire ⁝ þis maidė hem 3af answer*e*
Icholle holde *þat* ichabbe itake ⁝ 3e ne doþ me *þer* of no der*e*.
At o word 3e ne *turn*eþ me no3t ⁝ *þer* aboute 3e spilleþ breþ.
Doþ me wat pyne 3e wolleþ ⁝ uor I ne drede no3t þen deþ.
Þe hi seie *þat* þis maide ⁝ hir*e* þo3t chau*n*gi nolde.
Hir*e* fad*er* bitok hir*e* þe Justice ⁝ to do wiþ hir*e* wat he wolde.
Þe Iustice let hir*e* strupe naked ⁝ *and* legge hir*e* plat to *grou*nde.
Six kny3tes eode hir*e* aboute ⁝ *and* made hir*e* mony a wou*n*de.
Hi leide hir*e* on wiþ harde scorges ⁝ *þat* hi weri were.
Eu*er* lay þis maide *and* lou3 ⁝ as hir*e* no*þ*ing ner*e*.
Þo hi seie hir*e* stable þo3t ⁝ *þat* heo nas *in* none fer*e*.
Hi nome *and* henge hir*e* up abem ⁝ bi þe *tr*esses of hir*e* her*e*.
Þer bi heo heng half an day ⁝ kny3tes bi neþe stode.
Wiþ scourges hi leide eu*er* vpon ; *þat* [heo] stremd al ablode.
Þe more *tur*ment *þat* hi hir*e* dude ⁝ þe bet hi hir*e* paide[1]
Þo hi ne mi3te hor wille habbe ⁝ adoun hi nome þis maide.
And bed hir*e* *turn*e biuore hir*e* deþ ⁝ hir*e* þo3t on alle wise.
And þench on hir*e* heie ku*n*ne ⁝ *and* hir*e* owe gent*r*ise.
Þo hi ne mi3te uor no*þ*i*n*g ⁝ bringe hir*e* of hir*e* þo3t.
A chetel wol of iwelled bras ⁝ biuore þis maide was ibro3t.
Hi 3ote adoun aboue hir*e* scoldren ⁝ as heo vpri3t stod.
Bi rug *and* wombe it orn adoun ⁝ as it were flod.
Fr*a*m þe necke to þe fot ; ech stude it þoru3 sout3e.
Eu*er* stod þis holi maide ⁝ as hir*e* no*þ*i*n*g ne rou3te.
Lou*er*d muche is þi my3te ⁝ so muche iweld bras.
In hir*e* wou*n*dede bodi ne gr*e*uede no3t ⁝ uair miracle *þer* was.
Wod wroþ was þo þe Justice ⁝ he het his me*n* hir*e* lede.
In to st*r*ong p*r*ison *and* bou*n*de hir*e* faste ⁝ uorte me nome o*þer* to rede.[2]

[1] From Pacare. [2] Corr. Uorte nime oþer rede.

Þo þis maide *in* prison was : þe deuel to hire wende.
In fourme of an angel : *and* sede þat our louerd him þuder send.
Forto saui hire *fram* þe deþ : *and* wissi hire wel to done.
Þat heo tormentes uorte fle : dude[1] þe Justices bone.
Vor our lord hadde of hire reuþe : *and* wilnede hire lif.
And leuere hadde þen heo were ded : þat heo were iwedded to wif.
Þis maide stod *in* grete þo3t : þat he hire þerto gan rede. [Fol. 26.]
And þat our lord hire so het : bi him as he sede.
Heo sat akne *and* bad our lord : þat he hire scholde lere.[2]
Wel to done *and* warny ek : wat þe messager were.
As heo sat *in* hire orison : heo hurde a uois þat sede.
Be studeuast *in* þi bileue : *and* ich þe wole wel rede.
Ac þe messager aske wat he be : *and* ne haue of him no drede.
And nym him uaste uor icholle : be wiþ þe *in* eche neode.
Þo þe maide þis ihurde : þen deuel heo nom wel uaste.
Heo made þe signe of þe crois : *and* to hire fet him caste.
Tel me heo sede wat þou art : oþer icholle þe quelle.
Leuedi he sede let me go : *and* icholle þe sone telle.
Nay þou schalt abide her : þis maide sede þo.
Vorte þou me telle wat þou art : *and* þanne þou schalt go.
Þo sede he icham a deuel : ich hote belial.
A3en ech mannes good dede : ich can do luþer gal.
Þo adam *and* eue wolde : *in* godes seruice be.
Ich hem bro3te *in* dedliche sunne : þoru þe apel of þe tre.
Bitwene caym was muche loue : *and* abel is broþer.
Ich made þoru a lutel enuye : þat on sle þat oþer.
Ich made ihesus on þe rode deie : ac þat we seþþe abo3te.
And herodes þe children sle : þo me ihesus so3te
Ichabbe ymad men oþer sle : *and* scipes *in* þe se drenche.
Alle wo ichabbe anerþe ido ; þat man may on þenche.
Ho sende þe huder quaþ þe maide : þe deuel a3en sede.
Satan oure maister þat is atom : þat schal ous alle rede.
3if he send 3ou quaþ þis maide : to eny holi manne.
And 3e ne mowe him no3t ouercome : wat deþ he wiþ 3ou þanne.

[1] *Should do.* [2] Compare On cneowum sittende Ælfr. Oros. III. ix.

Þanne ne dorre we quaþ þe deuel: biuore our maister wende.
Oure acountes uorte ȝelde: ac [he] let ous of sende.
And ȝif we awer beþ ifounde: he let ous bete sore.
Þer uore wenne we fyndeþ eny mon: stable in godes lore.
We fondeþ him in luþer þoȝt: to bringe myd al our miȝte.
Ac anon he mai ous ouercome: ȝif he wole aȝen ous fiȝte.
Yor we nabbeþ power no mon to bringe: in sunne aȝen is mode.
Vor ihesus bynom ous þulke miȝte: þo he deide on þe rode.
Of al þat ichabbe anerþe igo: so clanliche ouercome.
Neuer Inas as ich nou am: my miȝte me is bynome.
[Fol. 26b.] Maide uor þyn hendescipe: þou haue mercy of me.
Let me go at þis one tyme: Ine schal neuereft derie þe.
Alas þat Inadde er iwust: wat me scolde bitide.
Certes quaþ þe maide þo: ȝut þou schalt abide.
Þis maide nom þis foule best: *and* faste it gan bynde.
Myd a raketeie þat aboute hire was: his honden him bihinde.
Myd anoþer Irene raketeie: heo bet him swiþe sore.
And euer sede þis foulde best: hende maide þyn ore.
Haue reuþe of þi wreche prison: *and* þench þat þou art fre.
Inabbe icome nei non: þat me dorste hondli ne ise.
And þou me darst þus tormenti: alas wi ne mai ich fle.
Wi artou so strong maidenhod: þat þou ne miȝt ouercome be.
Alas maidenhod alas: wi woltou wiþ ous fiȝte.
Maidens ichulle eueреft drede: Inabbe aȝen hem no miȝte.
Þe wule þis maide tormentede: þus þis foule wiȝt.
Þe Justice het þis maide uette: biuore him anon riȝt.
Þe maide nom þis foule best: *and* after hire it drouȝ.
Leue leuedi he sede þin ore: iscend icham Inouȝ.
Ne make þou namo men ȝawen on me: nartou corteis *and* hende.
Þench þat maidens scolde milde be: *and* bring me of þis bende.
War[1] is kunde of þi maidenhod: þat scholde be milde *and* stille.
And þou art aȝen me so sturne: hou miȝtou habbe þe wille.
So longe he on þis maide cride: as heo him drouȝ *and* ladde.
After hire þoru cheping: þat reuþe of him heo hadde.
A chaumbre foreine heo isei: al ope to ward þe strete.
Vol it was of uelþhede: old *and* al uorlete.

[1] "*Where.*"

Þis maide nom þis foule þing : *and* caste it amydde.
Dai þat wolde neschere[1] bed : hi*m* biseche o*þer* bidde.
Vor it was good Inou to hi*m* : bineþe *and* eke aboue.
Wat seggeþ ȝe segge ic*h* soþ : ne lieȝ noȝt for is loue.
ȝut nolde þis lu*þer* men : þat iseie al þis dede.
Bileue on god *and* tu*r*ne hor þoȝt : ac þe more hir*e* wiþ sede.
Þo heo biuore þe Justice com : hi wolde chau*n*ge hir*e* þoȝt.
And bihete hir*e* prute *and* gret nobleie : ac al ne huld it noȝt.
A weol of Ir*e* swiþe st*r*ong : biuore hir*e* hi caste.
Al were þe velion[2] aboute : wiþ rasours istiked faste.
Þe weol hi t*ur*nde aboute : þe maide *þer* bi hi sette.
Depe wode i*n* hir*e* naked flech : þe rasours kene iwette.[3]
Þat þo hir*e* flech was al icorue : so depe hi wode *and* gnowe. [Fol. 27.]
Þat þe bones hi to slitte : *and* þe marw out drowe.
Þe marw sprong out al aboute : so ou*er*come heo was
Þat heo al mest ȝef þen gost : *and* no wond*er* it nas.
Of al þat me drou hir*e* tend*er* lymes : it ne reu hir*e* noȝt enes sore.
Ac eu*er* sede þat ihesu crist : þolede uor hir*e* m*o*re.
Glade were þo þe lu*þer* men : þat so nei þe deþe hir*e* seie.
Ac our lou*er*des wille nas it noȝt : þat heo scholde þe ȝut deie.
An angel myd a naked swerd : to þe weol aliȝte
And hew it al to smale peces : *þer* was godes miȝte.
And þis maide eode uorþ al hol : as hir*e* no*þ*i*n*g ne*r*e.
Sore dradde þis lu*þer* men : þat þere aboute were.
Our lord crist can so is fon : wen is wille is afer*e*.
Vif hondred t*ur*nde to hi*m* : uor þulke miracle þere.
And an hondred wem*m*en *and* þritti : *þer* ne bileuede noȝt on.
Þat þis lu*þer* men i*n* þe place : ne let biheuedi echon.
Toward þis maide þe Justice ; uor wraþþe was nei wod.
He let make of wode *and* col : a st*r*ong fur *and* good.
Amydde he let þis maide caste : uor heo frobre*n*ne scholde.
Hi wende hir*e* to sle anon : ac our lord it nolde.
An angel *þer* com *and* þis fur : to spradde wide *and* drouȝ.
Amydde þe place þe maide stod : harmles *and* glad Inouȝ.
Heo þonkede god *and* sat akne : *and* hir*e* orison sede.
Þe Justice sede wat scholle we do : wat schal ous to rede.

[1] *Softer.* [2] *Fellies.* [3] *Whetted.*

We ne scholle þis foule wiche: ouercome wiþ no dede.
ȝif nó fur ne mai hire brenne: in led we scholle hire brede.
A chetel he sette ouer þe fur: and fulde it uol of lede.
Þis maide isei þis led boili: heo nas noþing in drede.
Anon so heo was þer Inne ido: þat fur bigan to sprede.
Fram þe chetel it hupte aboute: in lengþe and in brede.
Sixti men and seuentene: it barnde in þe place.
Of luþer men þat stode þer bi: þer was godes grace.
Amydde þe chetel þis maide stod: al hol wiþþoute harm.
Þat led þat bolynde was: vnneþe it þoȝte hire warm.
Þe Justice bigan to wepe and crie: þo he þis isei
Vor is men uorbarnd were: witles he was nei.
Wat doþ ȝe he sede myne godes: is ȝoure miȝte ȝou bynome
Schal a womman wiþ hire wichinge: ous alle ouercome.
[Fol. 27b.] Helpeð[1] me nou ȝif ȝe mowe: þat we ne be broȝt to scame.
Heo ne schal me wraþþi þus nammore: Ichulle pleie anoþer game.
Com uorþ he sede my manquellare: led þis hore fram me.
And smyt of hire heued wiþþoute þe toun: þat ich neuereft hire ise.
Glad was þis holi maide: þo heo wuste hire ende.
Vor heo wuste after hire tormentes: wider heo scholde wende.
Heo þonkede uaste Ihesu crist: þat after hire wolde sende.
Go swiþe heo zede to þe quellare: and bring me of þis bende.
As me ladde þis holi maide: toward hire martirdom.
Belial þis foule deuel: wel glad bihynde com.
Ne spareþ noȝt he sede ac heieþ uaste: þat heo of dawe be.
Nabbeþ of hire nammore reuþe: þen heo hadde of me.
Nolde heo noþing spare me: of al þat ich hire bad.
Vnneþe ich dar on hire loke: so sore icham adrad.
Þo þis maide hurde þis: hire eien up heo caste.
A out out þe deuel sede: holdeþ hire nou uaste.
Leste heo efsone cacche me: and þat me vuel bitidde.
Fle ichulle þe wule: ich mai: doþ þat ich ȝou bidde.
Ac þei heo him hadde icauȝt: and ileid as clene.
In as uair bed as heo dude er: dait þat him wolde bymene.[2]

[1] MS. Helped. [2] *Bemoan.*

Þo heo com to þulke stude : as heo scholde biheded be.
To our lord heo made hire orison : *and* sat adoun akne.
Þe quellare as heo bed hire beden : adrouȝ is swerd wel kene.
He smot of hire heued *fram* þe bodi : *þat* it uel *in* þe grene.
Angles were ȝare anon : hire soule uorte auonge.
Þus heo boȝte þe blisse of heuene : wiþ tormentes stronge.
Hire bodi hi lette ligge : hi nolde it burie noȝt.
Vor bestes it scholde todrawe : *and* þat was hore þoȝt.
A good womman þat het sophie : wonede þer biside.
Burie heo þoȝte þat holi bodi : wat so hire scholde bitide.
Vor þer nere none cristenemen : lede heo it þoȝte to rome.
Al bi scipe to burie it þere : ac þo hi in to þe scipe come.
Þe wynd com *and* drof hor scip : in to anoþer londe.
In to þe londe of campanye : *and* þer it gan at stonde.
Þo hi ne miȝte hor scip þanne bringe : hi nome þoru godes grace.
And burede þis bodi in þe se : in a wel uaire place.
Þer it is ȝut uaire honoured : ac þo þe tiding was icome.
To þe Justice þat þis bodi was : awei ilad *and* ynome.
He nom wiþ him uoure *and* þritti men : *and* afterward he gan wende. [Fol. 28.]
ȝif he miȝte þis bodi of take : more he þoȝte it scende.
Amidde þe se þer com a wynd : as it were uor þe none.
And caste hor scip vp to doun : *and* adreynte hem euerichone.
Þe Justice wreche bodi seþþe : þe se to londe caste.
And bestes *and* foweles it to drowe : þe wile þer apece ilaste.
Þo hadde he is owe dom : þat he wolde þe maide sende.
Þus Seyn Julian þe holi maide : hir lif broȝte to ende.

GLOSSARY.

Adet, p. 51 = Oþ þæt.

As, p. 81 = Æsce, gen. -an, f.

Aual, p. 33 = *French* Avale; raþer þan Asell not in dict.

Axtreo, p. 57, *axletree.*

Beali, p. 73 = þæt bealuwe.

Berde, p. 53, from Bere, *a voice,* in Owl, 7 N; in Laȝamon; in Blooms; in G. Douglas. Also Holy Rood, Index. Iberde, *behaved* = Gebærde, Bed. 600, 32

Bisteaðet, p. 31, gl. to S. Marh.

Biwihelin, p. 57. See gl. to S. Marh, on Fiken.

Buc, p. 71, *trunk.* Fals. Dis. MS. p. 159.

Budeles, p. 17 = Byðelas.

Buste, p. 24, *baste?*

Cheping, p. 52; p. 84, l. 130. Ceaping, *market.* On p. 53. B. text is faulty.

Cnawes, p. 55.

Crechen, p. 35.

Dai, Dait, p. 85, l. 134; l. 202. "Dehait, Dehé, Dehez, imprécation, qui a la même signification que le Væ! des Latins." Roquefort.

Dahene, p. 31. Dagena, a well sustained form.

Diche, p. 73, a slip of þe pen, wiþout sense.

Erndi, p. 78. Æpenðian.

Fischal, p. 59. Yarrells Fishes I. p. 350.

Ga o grene, p. 73: ambiguous.

Gal, p. 83, l. 84: ȝal a subst. on which is built Galfull.

Gencling, p. 56. s. ȝuhelung.

Godes, p. 47. *of good* (in respect of) as in Greek and Latin: so Beaduweorca beteran. Chron. 937.

ȝuhelung, p. 57, *magnificence.* In his Psalter, Ps. lxvii. 37, Spelman has printed as gloss on *Magnificentia,* Gennelung; þis is a word of anomalous form, destitute of kið and kin. Graff gives ur Guol, *insignis,* Guollih, *gloriosus,* Guollihi, *gloria,* Guollihheit, *gloria,* Guollichon, *gloriari*; and þese glosses enable us to correct Spelman, and read Geuuelung, *magnificentia:* which makes it plain þat Mr. Brock should have read Geueling on p. 56.

ȝetede, p. 7. See gl. to Laȝamon:

Hap, p. 61.

Heascede, p. 5: from, I presume, Husc; to say for Eascede would involve a figure of speech not prettily named.

Her on uuen, p. 53, an error of þe penman for Heonne, as in R.

Hire ane, p. 31. Scottish "Her lane."

Hutung. Huting, p. 53.

Ilatet, p. 33, perhaps of þe lions, *visaged*, from Lates, *looks*.

Iburst, p. 69. from Burſt, *bristle*.

Inune, p. 5. I read as Imane = ȝemæne.

Iswechte, p. 2, I read as ȝeſpencт.

Kenchinde, in gl. to Hali M. read *risus excussus*.

Leirwite, in Higden ed. Gale, p. 202, is *emenda pro corruptione nativæ*, it is þerefore an apokopate form of Foꝛliȝeꝛþiтe, *punishment for unchaste deeds*. Hence corr. gl. H. M.

Leoten, p. 22, p. 75, *esteem*, pr. Lette. Laȝam. 22753.

Leoten, p. 75, *abandon*. Lætan.

Lihan, p. 3; p. 29 ft.; 37, *disappoint*. In Lyes dict. Leogan. —luker, p. 71. See Hali M., p. 25, l. 19; St. Marh., p. 23, l. 11; H. M. p. 41, l. 32.

Lut, p. 77, *few*. Hali M., p. 19, l. 6.

Makelese, seems *immaculate*, raþer þan *matchless* in St. Marh., p. 17, l. 16.

Nabich, p. 28 = Ne habbe ic.

Nam, p. 29 = Ne am = Ne eom.

Nestfalde, p. 33.

None, p. 86, l. 223.

Nunan, p. 73 = Nu anan.

Oþer, p. 27. Read Oþe, as p. 26, On þe: þæne is out of place.

Postles, p. 57.

Prisun, p. 84, *prisoner*, so Wooing o. O. L., fol. 128, c.

Rawen, p. 21. See Somners glossary: from "D."

Se, pp. 31, 33. *so*, exaggerative.

> Moyses ferst in his lawe told
> A chyld þer xuld be born so bold
> To beȝe aȝyn þat Adam sold.

Sleatten, p. 53, *slot, let loose, laid on track*. þe subst. occ. Chron. 1087, *granted þe riht to lay dogs on*. Earles ed. p. 225 top. Anoþer use takes an account of þe game. Man ſleaтte þa ænne ſeaꝛn ſeſinȝa þæꝛ-uтe. M. H., fol. 62, b. *þe people worried wiþ dogs a bull*, Of bole slatyng. Alysaundre, 200. So Halliwell in Slate from Yorkshire.

Spurede, p. 59, *spurred*. Miþ ſpuꝛum, G. D., 5, b. *wiþ spurs*.

Steorue, p. 49, gl. to St. Marh.

Studgi, *studge*, gl. to St. Marh.

Stutten, p. 51, gl. to St. Marh.

Tendrin, p. 29, seems to come from Tỳnþꝛe, *tinder*, and Tenþan.

Top, pp. 29, 71, applied here to þe topknot of hair.

Unrudelic, p. 55 = Unȝeꝛæþlice.

Wei, p. 21, *Væ!* Wei la! wei, *wellaway*, whence *Wail*. But Text R. is more acceptable.

Wicche, p. 41, *magus*.

Windi, p. 11, related to Windan in Æтpinþan, and so forð.

þin anes help, p. 31, *tuum ipsius auxilium*.

þen anes, p. 71, *þe nonce*, as spelling goes now.

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CORRECTIONS.

Pp. 2, 3, titles, *read* liſlade.

P. 9, line 5, *read* biꝛeted.

P. 53, line 12; p. 57, line 6, *read* milzfule, milzful, *for* miltsſule, miltsful.

P. 63, version line 3, *correct as opposite.*

P. 75, line 15, uppart *error of penman for* uppaɲꞇ, *upwart.*

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